

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN GLASGOW ON AUGUST 30: THE SCENE AT CHARING CROSS STATION.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM, FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.

The small drawing shows Stationmaster Stevenson vainly trying to stop the approaching Helensburgh train.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

For some time I have watched Mr. H. G. Wells fitting on his shoulders the mantle of prophecy. It is not a left-off garment belonging to some other prophet, deceased or retired from business. That is made plain by the way Mr. Wells discards some celebrated wardrobes. The worn-out drapery in which Rousseau and others prophesied the Rights of Man is of no more account than the marching kit of the modern Socialist. Mr. Wells tosses this ancient toggery out of the window, and reveals himself in the garb of the New Republic. He is no *sans-culotte*; no cap of liberty is cocked over one eye. I take it that he looks upon the old Republics as impostures, simulacra, with no virtue in them for the great purpose of "making man." Monarchy, of course, is equally useless. Mr. Wells has viewed with pain the ceremonial of the Coronation. What has it to do with the "bettering of births and of the lives intervening between birth and birth"? Mr. Wells is the Prophet of Births. The common run of births is familiar enough; but Mr. Wells is going to better them. He is hatching the New Republic at present, and when that is born you will see births in a most original and glorious aspect.

You might think that the "bettering of births" had something to do with improving the conditions of life among the masses of the people. But it cannot be that. Lots of reformers have schemes for the housing of the poor, and Mr. Wells signifies his contempt for all the reformers. The housing of the poor, though he does not mention it, must be one of the "vociferated cries," one of the "party labels," one of the "programme items" upon which he pours derision in the *Fortnightly Review*. Evidently there is some remarkable way of "bettering births" other than the solution of an economic problem by our political and social machinery, which is to be thrust aside with the rest of the lumber. Everything that now occupies the public mind is irrelevant to the great purpose of Mr. Wells's philosophy. The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns, said the poet; but he did not foresee that the New Republic would extinguish all the suns, and set up a brand-new luminary of its own. We talk about the Empire and patriotism; but Mr. Wells proposes to dispense with both. The Empire bids him "hail as my fellow-subjects and collaborators in man-making a host of Tamil-speaking, Tamil-thinking Dravidians, while separating me from every English-speaking, English-thinking person who lives south of the Great Lakes." Considering how scanty is Mr. Wells's respect for his own countrymen, this craving for unity with the Americans, who are equally remote from his theories, seems a little eccentric. Nor is it clear that the Tamil-speakers are his "collaborators in man-making" any more than the Filipinos are collaborators with the Americans. If Mr. Wells cannot bear the thought that Tamil babies are thriving somewhere under the British flag, under what flag does he hope to recover his manly self-esteem?

But it is not only our political institutions that the new prophet decries. He looks into the literature of the past, and finds it lacking in appreciation of births. "All that literature, great and imposing as we are bound to admit it is, has an outlook less ample than quite common men may have to-day"; that is to say, quite common men, who see the scientific operation of the law of evolution, may be wiser than Shakspeare. Evolution is a most instructive revelation; but it does not change human nature, or teach us to break with the past from which we are developing. It is sufficiently obvious that one generation should transmit a higher sense of responsibility than it received; but that is the course of civilised society, and the blessed word evolution does not help us to any miraculous improvement upon the methods of our predecessors. We have to grope our way painfully forward just as they did, and the notion that we have wholly outstripped their wisdom is purely fanciful. If a statesman were to assure the country that, forty-three years after the publication of Darwin's great book, he was better able to minister to the spiritual and material needs of the people than any statesman who lived before that portent, this would scarcely be thought a proof of his ampler outlook. But Mr. Wells, who is creditably in love with the future, is going to show us how we can turn our backs on statesmen, as if they were mere Tamil-speaking persons, upon Imperial affairs, domestic legislation, the wisdom of the ancients, and the Stock Exchange, and set up that New Republic in which there will be no duty except to be happily born, and to enlarge the stock of "wholesome and hopeful births" as deftly as possible.

Meanwhile, we are troubled by the manifold responsibilities of that Imperial inheritance which Mr. Wells has no desire to share. The cry for efficiency is added to the political "cries" which excite his disdain. I learn from another oracle that "the cant of efficiency" is improperly disturbing the public mind, that people who clamour for efficiency do not know what they want. When it was suggested that the Army and Navy should

have a "thinking department," which would be prepared for emergencies, and not surprised and paralysed by them, the oracle said that a civilian Minister could do all the thinking that was needed. Did not the Government after Colenso think more successfully than the Commander on the spot? Yes; and when Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener arrived at Cape Town they had to think hard for weeks before the chaos they found there had been turned into organisation. The "cant of efficiency" demands that when the War Office sends an army abroad it shall be an army, and not a concourse of uniforms. The country provides money enough; it merely asks for brains. To tell us that efficiency has no meaning because the electors who vote for it cannot define it, is like saying that the country should furnish its rulers with a policy and teach them how to execute it. If statesmen should argue that capable management of the public services is impossible unless the public can explain how it is to be done, there will be some reason in the contumelious attitude of Mr. Wells.

Luckily, the Asiatics, whose collaboration is despised by that philosopher of births, come among us without noticing anything save our strength and readiness. In *Blackwood's* Mr. Hugh Clifford gives a delightful account of the visit of the Sultan of Perak. This Malayan Prince and his retinue were profoundly impressed by the might and the order of London. They went to the Derby, and when they saw the police clear the course, their wonder was unbounded. "The police use no blows or kicks; they do not even employ pungent words, yet no man resists them! All the people do as they are bidden, raising no protest! Verily this thing is a miracle!" Miraculous, too, was the English bed, which they had supposed to be a mere outside like an Eastern mat. It was a very cold outside in June, but Mr. Clifford popped them into the beds and tucked them in. "How great," they exclaimed next morning, "is the intelligence of the white folk! Those sleeping-mats, which have insides to them, are indeed a splendid invention!" After the Colonial Review the Sultan said: "What a tremendous host do those whom we have seen this morning represent! Never since Allah first made the world hath there been so mighty a gathering. And this host is the host of my King! It is a splendid thing to think that one belongs to such an Empire—that one is part of it!" And when the King was struck down by illness, the Sultan prostrated himself "upon his prayer-carpet, making earnest supplication to the King of Kings for the life of the Ruler whose servants, in his name, have brought a Malayan people out of the Land of Darkness and out of the House of Bondage." Apparently we can achieve the task of "man-making" without the help of the New Republic.

There is a gallant show of raiment in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," at the St. James's. Mr. George Alexander's François Villon is a dashing figure in several Court suits. When Villon is made Grand Constable by the whim of Louis XI., the improvement of the poet's wardrobe offers a natural and proper contrast to the estate of the tavern brawler. When he recites a melancholy ballad to the Court ladies—a ballad of fleeting beauty and fleeting fortune—"Where are the snows of yesterday?"—this is all the more pathetic, because his own transient glory blooms so bravely there in the King's garden. When the Grand Constable rides out to attack the Burgundians, he wears a new suit of armour, for this is his first performance in that line. But when he returns, after a tremendous shindy hand-to-hand—no watching the fight through a field-glass three miles off in those days!—he is still of a dazzling brightness: not a speck on his glittering steel, not a stain on his beautiful baldric. He rides home on a white horse (have I not seen the same noble steed bestriden by Jack Falstaff at Her Majesty's?) and looks like a bridegroom rather than a breathless warrior from the stricken field.

It is a stirring sight, and yet I should like some traces of the fray. The helm might be almost cloven by a Burgundian sword, the breastplate dented, the baldric slashed to shreds. A gash over one eye would not be unbecoming. These would be visible proofs of a glorious deed of arms, and would add point to the wrath of the populace when Louis coolly proposes to hang the hero. I say these concessions to realism would heighten the picturesqueness of a most animated scene. Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who has described the Paris of that period in his admirable "Idler in Old France," would probably want more. Paris was then a mass of filth, an open sewer. The Grand Constable's galloping white horse would be white no longer, and the rider would be covered with mud and worse. Such would have been the scene if stage-managed by Mr. Hopkins. Probably he would have brought in the plague, which was a frequent visitor, and would have hinted at other gruesome details, never mentioned by romance, such as a banquet where the Court ladies eat with their fingers, and no finger-bowls! Mr. Alexander has properly declined to illustrate the period of Louis XI. with this historical exactness. But a little disarray to suggest the battle, even a little blood—not enough to frighten any fair spectator—would make his Villon still more heroic.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It is an extravagant demand which Mr. Huntly McCarthy makes on an audience's indulgent imagination, it is a bold liberty which he takes with a well-known historical character, in his new St. James's play, "If I Were King." For of all conceivable persons he selects poor, cringing, vicious François Villon to figure as god-like hero of a cape-and-sword romance. Roused like Christopher Sly from drunken slumber, hailed by King Louis the Eleventh's revengeful jest High Constable of France, given just a week to justify his rhymes promising reforms "if he were King," and to win the love of a haughty Court beauty, or die at the gallows—this out-cast poet Villon, if you please, is yet made to save Paris from Burgundian besiegers, and to secure, despite his imposture, his great lady's affections. Now, it is, perhaps, the revenge of history that Mr. McCarthy's drama is at its strongest when, as in the first act, he is content to depict something of the brilliant tavern-brawler of reality, and sadly slackens its pace when Villon is metamorphosed into the Constable, and is for ever merely talking instead of doing. Still, the fantastic story can boast some colour, an ingenious plot, a vein of humorous irony, the prettiest sentiment, and no little verve; while the contrasted aspects of its imaginary hero, and the carefully wrought and richly ornate though excessive rhetoric put into his mouth, afford admirable scope to the picturesque talents and superb (if rather too deliberate) diction of the best of our romantic actors, Mr. Alexander. Of the other interpreters, though Mr. Fulton portrays Louis XI. on broad acceptable lines, and Miss Julie Opp lends dignity to the aristocratic heroine, it is Miss Suzanne Sheldon as Villon's martyred mistress, Huguette du Hamel, who acts with the most unexpected intensity. Her performance, already popular in America, is as essential an element in the play's successful pictorial appeal as the gorgeous costumes and scenery of Mr. Alexander's splendid provision.

MISS O'NEIL'S MAGDA AT THE ADELPHI.

Even an "American tragedienne" shows courage who appears in the rôle of Magda, and so challenges comparisons with Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse, as well as Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But courage does not always involve capacity, and though Miss Nance O'Neil has undoubted talent, an imposing presence, and some emotional force, she has not what her three famous predecessors possess and Sudermann's heroine demands—temperament. How realise the strong will of the revolting daughter, the egoism of the artist, the fierce instinct of the mother; how suggest the play's conflict of stand-points, creeds, characters, if the representative of Magda cannot reveal a personality? Unfortunately, Miss O'Neil also lacks any comedy power, indulges in pauses and other irritating mannerisms, and exhibits an unnatural and stilted diction, her success being obtained in purely rhetorical passages. No wonder, then, that "Magda" is reduced to the level of melodrama. Indeed, the best Adelphi performance is that of Mr. McKee Rankin, whose Schwartz, though more like an American farmer than a Prussian martinet, is in its emotional violence decidedly impressive. Only less acceptable, and as broadly sketched, is the materialistic and complacent Von Keller of Mr. Herbert Carr; while Mr. Thomas Kingston devotes infinite pains and gives a happy feminine touch to the thankless part of the kindly but conventional Pastor. Indeed, Miss O'Neil's supporters, who include that promising beginner, Miss Ethel Warwick, and in many cases amusingly betray an American accent, are worthy of a more accomplished "leading lady."

THE ALHAMBRA.

The spectacular ballets "In Japan" and "Britannia's Realm" still form the chief features of the excellent programme offered to visitors to the Alhambra Theatre, but they are by no means the only items worthy of notice. This week several new "turns" have been added, including Les Brunin, eccentric billiardists, and La Belle Guerrero, who, assisted by an unknown, gracefully performs typical Spanish dances in the style made familiar to English audiences by La Tortajada and others.

THE SUBMARINES AT PORTSMOUTH.

At last the long-talked-of submarines have made their appearance at Portsmouth, and, on Aug. 29, submarine No. 4 was taken out into deep water and tested. It is believed that the chief exercise was in torpedo-firing, but the authorities are observing a very strict secrecy with regard to the experiments. Our illustrations show the vessels both above and below the surface. Reserve air for the crew is carried in large metal cylinders. The men can remain below the surface for a considerable time without inconvenience, provided they continually perform the motion of swallowing. A curious contrast was observed at Portsmouth during the trials, when a submarine passed Nelson's old flag-ship *Victory*, yet it reminded naval historians that there is nothing new under the sun, for even before the *Victory's* time a submarine had been designed which bore a very general resemblance to the present type.

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	9 15
	a.m. 9 39
	11 2

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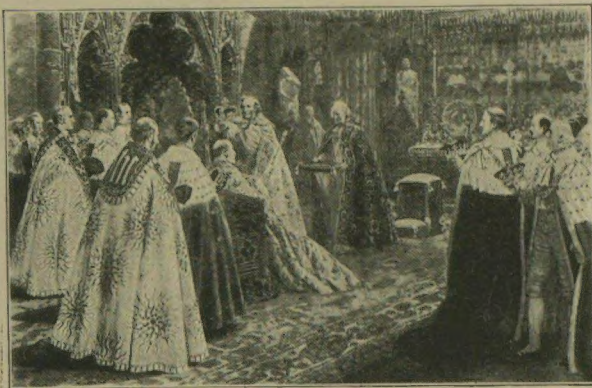
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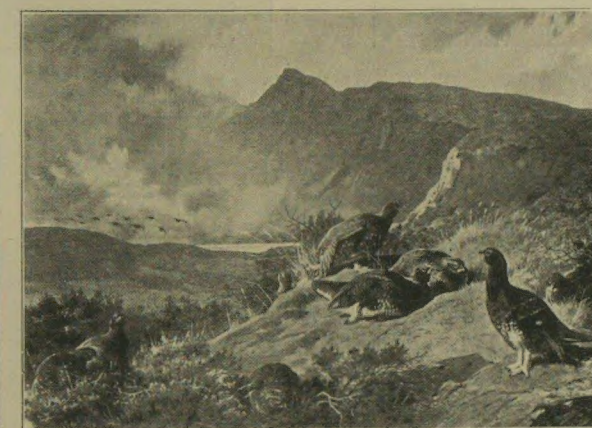


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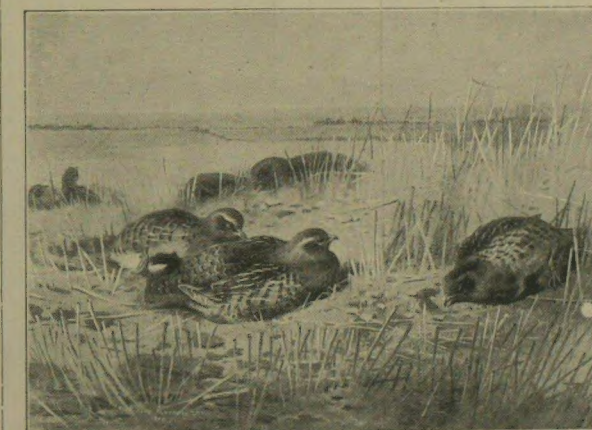


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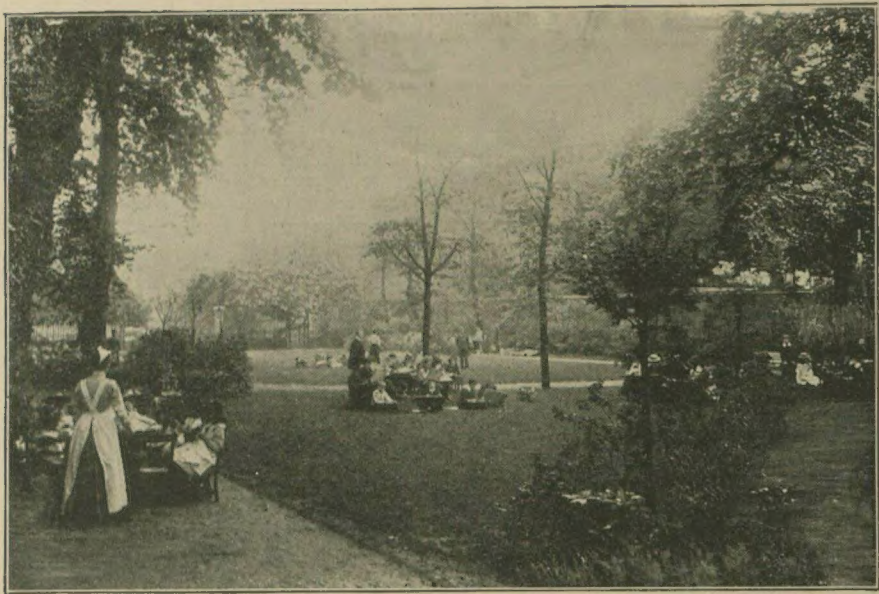
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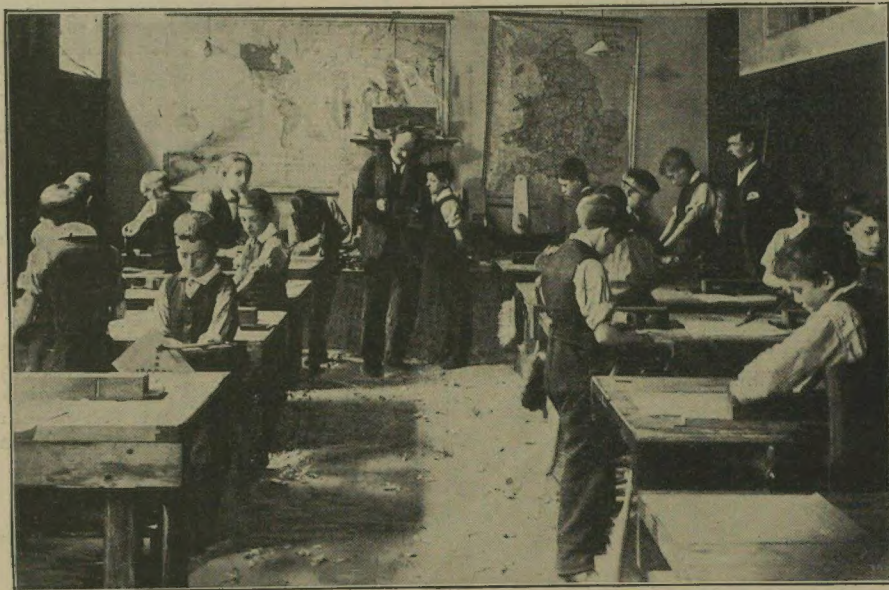
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SCHOOL IN THE HOLIDAYS: A LESSON FROM AMERICA.

An interesting experiment, prompted by an article in an American magazine, has recently been successfully carried out at the Passmore Edwards Settlements, where each day during the Board School holidays, over six hundred children have been cared for and provided with engrossing occupations. Similar schools have been in existence in America for some time.



THE COLONIAL ARCH IN CHURCH STREET, PRESTON.



THE STATE PROGRESS OF EARL DERBY, THE GUILD MAYOR, TO CHURCH, AUGUST 31.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE PRESTON GUILD MERCHANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARTER, PRESTON.

The procession of the Guild Mayor of Preston to church was the first of a series of functions extending over the whole of this week. The Guild is the celebration every twenty years of a Court which Preston has possessed by special charter since the thirteenth century.



AN ALPINE PUZZLE FOR THE MOTORIST: THE FORTIFIED ROAD OVER THE ST. GOTHARD.

This view of the road, which was lately put into a defensible condition, is taken from the Hospice looking towards Airolo, the terminus of the Simplon Tunnel.



THE EAST AFRICAN ADMINISTRATION CORONATION GUESTS: NATIVE CHIEFS AT MOMBASA.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. H. M. MACALLISTER.

The heads of the tribes from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza were entertained for a week at the former place, and visited H.M.S. "Terpsichore," where Captain Coke fired for their amusement a shell and a submarine mine. In the first row the left-hand figure is a chief of the Nirobo Masai. The second, third, fourth, and fifth figures are of the Wa Lumbwa. The right-hand figure is that of a N'Jumous chief, and the first and second figures in the second row are Wakamba chiefs. The third is of the Wakikuyu tribe, and the British officers are Mr. Macallister, the Collector, and Mr. Gilkison, the Sub-Commissioner of Mombasa. Next to the latter are two of the Wa Kavirondo, and the last is of the Naiyasha Masai. The next two are Wa Suk, the next Wakamba, Wa Kavirondo, and N'Jumous. The right-hand figure at the back is another Wakikuyu chief.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING OF ITALY IN GERMANY.

Berlin presented the gayest holiday appearance on Aug. 28 to welcome the King of Italy. The most daring scheme of decoration had been adopted, and even the gilding of the Brandenburger Gate, which had aroused apprehension, was completely successful in its effect. From an early hour the route from the Potsdam Station through the Avenue of Victory to the Brandenburger Gate and along Unter den Linden was lined by soldiers of all arms, and a battery of artillery was stationed in the Lustgarten. At 9.30 the imperial and royal party and the Chancellor von Lützow arrived in a special train and drove away towards the Brandenburger Thor, where Chief Burgomaster Kirschner presented an address of welcome to the city. King Victor Emmanuel, speaking in French, thanked the Burgomaster for the reception, and accepted a bouquet of Maréchal Niel roses from a deputation of young ladies. The procession then drove to the Arsenal, where the ceremony of nailing new colours to the standards of Prussian regiments was performed, the Emperor, the Empress, the King of Italy, and the German Crown Prince each driving a nail. A reception of the diplomatic corps, a State dinner, and a gala performance at the opera concluded the day. At the banquet the Emperor proposed the King of Italy's health in a cordial speech in which he commemorated King Humbert; and Victor Emmanuel, replying in Italian, recalled the old alliance between Italy and the two Imperial Powers, which, he said, public opinion now

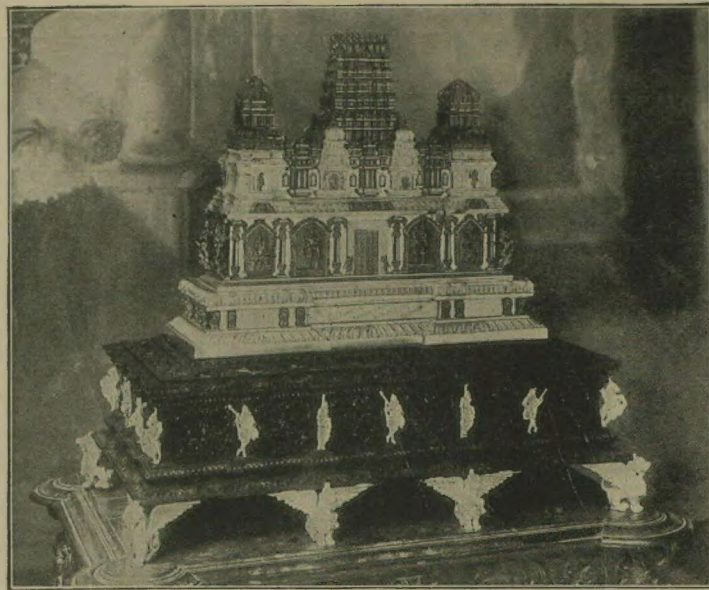
extreme vegetarians, teetotallers, and non-smokers. Until the present outbreak it seemed as though the little community of 7500 people was in a fair way to prosperity.

ENGLISH HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

A persistent report has gone the round that Sulgrave Manor House, the ancestral home of the Washington family, has been purchased by an American, who proposes to remove it to the United States and to erect it there. The report, however, still lacks substantiation. The tenant has had no notice to leave, but since the rumour gained currency it has been strengthened by the visit of a party of Americans, who requested that they might be shown over the house, stating in support of their claim to consideration that it had been bought by a rich countryman of theirs, and adding the information that the house alone, and not the estate, would change hands.

WHITE'S HOUSE AT SELBORNE.

"The Wakes," Gilbert White's house, is for sale, and it has been suggested that it shall be bought by the nation as the most appropriate memorial of the author of "The Natural History of Selborne." The house stands in the principal street of the village,



INDIA AND THE CORONATION: THE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KING BY THE CITY OF MADRAS.

The casket presented to King Edward as a Coronation gift by the city of Madras is a miniature reproduction of the famous Padu Mandapam in Madura, erected by King Tirumalai for the entertainment of Siva. It was manufactured by Messrs. Framjee P. Bhungara.

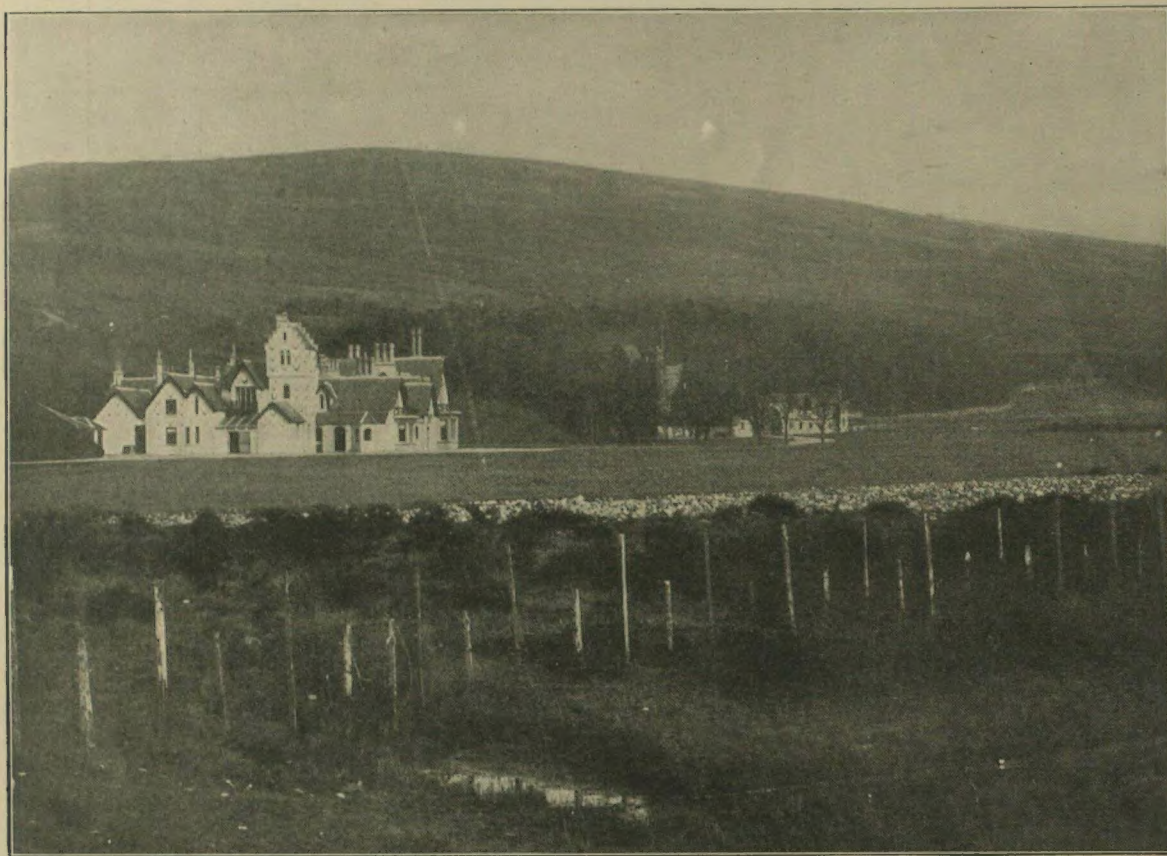


Photo. Valentine.

DOUGRIE LODGE, ARRAN, WHERE THEIR MAJESTIES WERE ENTERTAINED BY THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

recognised as the most effective safeguard of peace. The King returned to Italy on the morning of Sept. 1.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

The Royal Dublin Society's annual Horse Show opened at Ballsbridge on the morning of Aug. 26. If possible, this year's arrangements surpassed those of former occasions for perfection of organisation. The show-ground is really an immense fashionable fair. The number of entries, too, was larger than that of last year, the figures being 569 hunters, 70 thoroughbred yearlings, and 307 young hunters. Besides this, the Sheep Show met with considerable success, and the Art Industries Exhibition gave evidence of progress. The first day's business was entirely devoted to judging. On the second, the fashionable day, the jumping competitions were held, and the show-yard presented the gayest possible scene. The Thursday was the popular day, and delightful weather favoured a large attendance of visitors, including Mr. and Mrs. Seddon, Sir Albert Hime, and certain distinguished members of the Irish Bench, Bar, and public bodies.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

The curious Russian religious sect, a colony of which settled some time ago near Winnipeg, in Manitoba, has caused considerable public alarm by a strange access of mania. These people, formerly of most exemplary industry, have declared that they have received a message from Heaven forbidding them to take any thought for the future, and, therefore, they have refused to make any preparation for winter. They have also decided that it is sinful to use clothing made from any kind of animal substance, and this fact lends peculiar significance to our picture of the village tanner who, like Othello, "finds his occupation gone." They have further freed all their beasts of burden from labour. Owing to the disorganisation consequent upon these aberrations, it is not unlikely that the colony will have to be broken up. Our readers will remember that some time ago we published many illustrations depicting the life of these enthusiasts. The sect has existed since the middle of the eighteenth century, and in 1898 persecution drove them to Canada, as they refused to submit to the Russian conscription. They are

and thither resort yearly many pilgrims who revere the memory of "the easy-minded Fellow of Oriol and curate of Faringdon who would sit in his rustic chair all day long and observe the birds and beasts as they dropped in to visit him." So wrote Grant Allen, to whom the work of White specially appealed. The house has at the back a spreading lawn and spacious garden, containing many fine old trees, which are said to have been planted by White himself. The public purse has been taxed considerably of late to save and retain historical and literary relics, but the strain has not been so great as to prevent the purchase of White's house, that it may be turned to the best of possible purposes.

THE GLASGOW RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A serious accident, by which twenty-seven people were injured more or less seriously, occurred at Charing Cross Station, Glasgow, on Aug. 30. A Kilsyth passenger-train was standing in the station when the Helensburgh train ran into it from the rear, telescoping the last two carriages and littering the platform with splinters of wood and broken glass. No one in the Helensburgh train was hurt. The injuries to passengers by the Kilsyth train were principally fractured legs and thighs and scalp-wounds; almost by a miracle, no one was killed. Mr. Stevenson, the stationmaster, heard the colliding train coming through the tunnel, and blew his whistle to attract the attention of the engine-driver, but without avail. The collision was caused by an error in signalling, and later in the day the station signalman, who "cleared off" the Kilsyth train from Charing Cross, and accepted the Helensburgh train from Finnieston, the station beyond, and who realised his mistake when it was too late, was detained in custody. He is stated to bear an excellent character, and has been employed in the capacity of signalman for the past six years.



Photo. Harris, Dover

THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF DOVER TO EARL ROBERTS: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.

The Honorary Freedom of the Borough of Dover was presented to Earl Roberts on August 25. The Commander-in-Chief accepted it in his own name and in the name of the Army.

PERSONAL.

The King and Queen landed at Brodick early on the afternoon of Aug. 27, and drove across the Isle of Arran to Dougie, where they visited the sheep-dog show annually promoted by the Duchess of Hamilton. On the Thursday his Majesty killed a stag; and later in the day the *Victoria and Albert* left Machrie Bay, arriving in Colonsay Bay at seven in the evening. The royal party landed on the following day, and proceeded to Killoran, the residence of Sir John McNeill. His Majesty's yacht anchored at the northern entrance of Loch Leven at Ballachulish on the evening of Aug. 29, and on the next day the King visited the Mamore Deer Forest, where, however, a contrary wind spoilt sport. Their Majesties left Loch Leven on the 1st, and on Tuesday anchored at Stornoway. Here they drove along the South Beach, visited Lewis Castle, and planted a Nobilis fir in the vicinity. To the pictures given last week we add an official group of the royal and other visitors to the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

On the recommendation of the Home Secretary, the King has been pleased to appoint Major E. F. Wodehouse to be Assistant-Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, in the place of Sir A. C. Howard, who retires on Oct. 1.

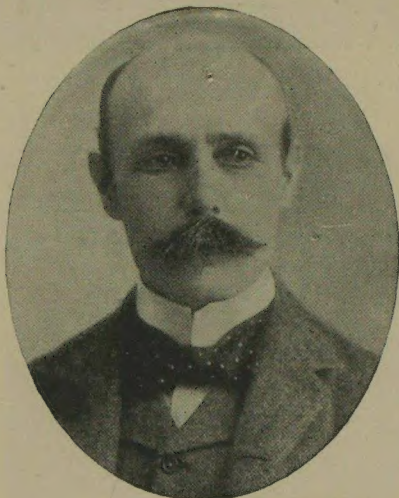


Photo. R. W. Thomas.
MAJOR E. F. WODEHOUSE,
New Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan
Police.

Major Wodehouse has had considerable experience of the work he will be called upon to perform by reason of his service as Assistant Commissioner of the City Force, and it will be remembered that he was recently an unsuccessful candidate for the Commissionership. He is a retired officer of the Royal Artillery, saw service in the Afghan War of 1878-79, assisted at the capture of Ali Musjid, was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the medal and clasp. His new post carries with it a salary of £1350—£450 more than he receives in his present office.

The Boer Generals have returned to London. Little is known of their plans, but they may undertake a lecturing tour in Great Britain and America before lecturing on the Continent. It is given out that harmony prevails between the Generals and the Boer representatives in Holland.

Mr. Reitz has apparently seceded from General Botha and his colleagues. The ex-Secretary of the Transvaal Republic proclaims undying hostility to England, and is going to lecture freely on that platform. There can be no object in this except embarrassment to the Boer leaders who have accepted the peace.

General De Wet has been working on his book with exemplary diligence. It is to be a record of his personal experiences in the war. Certain acts which have thrown a cloud upon his great reputation will, no doubt, be recounted and deplored.

It is stated that Dr. Leyds may enter the Dutch public service. A judicial post in Acheen ought to suit his abilities.

Mr. Chamberlain has been pressed to visit the Colonies, but he points out that it would be difficult for him to be away from his official duties for so long a time.

The death of Sir Robert Henry Davies, on Aug. 23, removed an interesting figure from Indian politics. Born in 1824, the son of the late Sir David Davies, Physician-in-Ordinary to William IV. and Queen Adelaide, Sir Robert was educated at Charterhouse and Haileybury, and entered the Indian Civil Service in 1844. Subsequently he acted as assistant to the Commissioner of the Sutlej territory, and did good work in Oudh and as Settlement Officer of the Lahore division. From 1871 till 1877 he filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and in 1874 his long public services were recognised by the bestowal of the K.C.S.I. In 1885 he became a member of the Council of India, retiring ten years afterwards. Sir Robert was twice married: in 1854 to a daughter of General George Cautley, and afterwards to a daughter of the Rev. Joshua Cautley, both of whom predeceased him.

Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE LATE SIR R. H. DAVIES, K.C.S.I.,
Formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

Mont Pelée is again active, and many more lives have been lost. It is thought that the extraordinary weather in Europe will be traced to this malign volcano.

Sir Brooke Boothby, eleventh Baronet, who vacates the position of First Secretary of the Legation at Tokio, which he has held since 1901, in order to take up similar duties at Brussels, has had twenty-one years' experience of diplomacy, and now serves in Belgium for the second time in his official career. He has also been attached to the Legations at Athens, Lisbon, Rome, Vienna, Munich, and Paris, and has been acting Chargé d'Affaires and First Secretary at Rio de Janeiro. Sir Brooke, whose Baronetcy, by the way, was created in 1660, was born on Nov. 18, 1856, succeeded his father at the age of nine, and received his education at Harrow. In 1884 he was appointed Third Secretary, and four years later Second Secretary. His brother Charles is heir to the title.

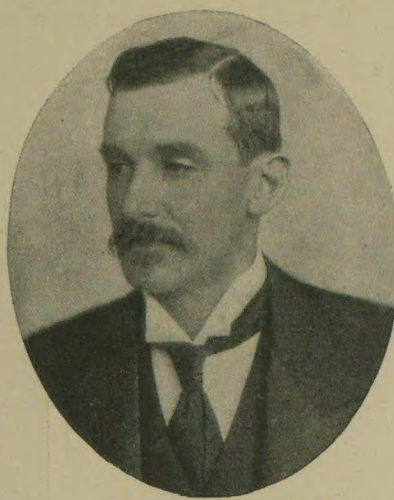


Photo. Russell.
SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY, BART.,
New Secretary to H.M. Legation at Brussels.

Mr. Sauer has distinguished himself in the Cape Parliament by reviling the loyal Dutch in Cape Colony for having "deserted their own people." This suggests that the only fault Mr. Sauer has to find with the rebellion at the Cape is that it was not successful.

Father O'Halloran, Roman Catholic rector of Ealing, announces that he is the leader of the alleged revolt of Catholic secular clergy. He maintains that the secular clergy are ill-used by the Episcopacy, and he proposes to become a Bishop for the better representation of their interests.

Mr. Montagu Holbein failed to swim the Channel, but he traversed more than fifty miles, and when taken out of the water, was only three-quarters of a mile from the goal.

There is an agitation in France against the octroi duties. It is proposed to remit them and substitute taxes on pianos, automobiles, richly decorated houses, men-servants, and the best seats at the theatres. An automobile tax will soon be necessary in this country.

Scarcely a year after the critics and the public on both sides of the Atlantic hailed with approbation the sombre but masterly "House with the Green Shutters," the author, George Douglas Brown, is dead. Few of his friends had heard of his illness, and the news that he had passed away on the morning of Aug. 28 was received with incredulity, and on confirmation, with the profoundest regret. What literature has lost in "George Douglas" may in some measure be understood from the promise of his first book and the works he has left more or less complete. Those who knew him best considered "The Green Shutters" only a stage on the road, and looked with reason for a fuller realisation of the author's personality; for Brown's nature was not morbidly cynical, as strangers fancied from his specialisation in gloom, but genial, hearty, and even tender. He saw things as they were, however, with extraordinary inward vision, and of his utter sincerity he wrote. Hence the grim tale of Barbie. Born at Ochiltree thirty-three years ago, Brown was educated at Ayr Academy, under Mr. William Maybin, and thence he proceeded to Glasgow University. There he graduated with first-class honours in Classics, and among his distinctions were the Eglinton Fellowship and a Snell Exhibition, which, of course, postulated his continuing his studies at Balliol. At Oxford he took a First in Classical Moderations, but his devotion to his mother during her last illness cost him the distinction which his friends were sure awaited him in the Final Schools. In 1895 he came to London, where he did much literary and journalistic work, and also acted as adviser to Mr. John Macqueen, the publisher. To this Journal he was a frequent contributor. In the autumn of last year fame first found him, and now he is numbered with those young men of genius whom the gods (in love, it is said), have cut off before their prime. It adds to the pathos of his death that he was shortly to have been married. On his desk he left two unfinished novels and a remarkable essay on "Hamlet."

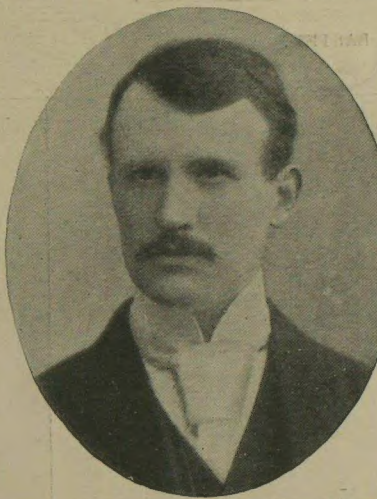


Photo. Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN,
Author of "The House with the Green Shutters."

Mr. A. B. Markham, M.P., has withdrawn his charges against Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co., and they have abandoned their action for slander. Mr. Markham originally made these charges in the strongest terms in the House of Commons, where they were privileged. Then he repeated them on a platform. He says now, after a year and a half, that he finds them to be wholly without foundation.

President Roosevelt has been expounding the Monroe Doctrine, and the German papers amuse themselves with the idea that the exposition is aimed at England. Mr. Roosevelt, they say, means to annex Canada. The Monroe Doctrine has nothing to do with Canada. But it has everything to do with German aspirations after colonies in Brazil. It is not aggressive, says the President, but it needs a very strong American Navy.

Some American rough-riders have proposed to race six hundred miles to greet President Roosevelt, the winner to have the honour of shaking the President by the hand. The recent ride from Brussels to Ostend has been condemned by most people as wanton cruelty to horses. There is no reason why the American performance should be tolerated.

A droll story comes from Newport that the manoeuvres of the American squadron there were interrupted by the arrival of the Duchess of Marlborough, who was entertained by the Admiral. The commanding officers resented this breach of discipline by absenting themselves from the reception. Thus does lovely woman, when a Duchess, make havoc of democratic efficiency.

The Right Rev. William Marlborough Carter, who vacates the See of Zululand, which he has held since 1891, to take up that of Pretoria, in succession to the Right Rev. Henry Brougham Bousfield, was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford; was ordained deacon in 1874 and priest in 1875; and took his M.A. in 1877. He was curate of Christ Church, West Bromwich, Staffs, from 1874 till 1878; of Bakewell in Derbyshire from 1878 till 1880; and curate-in-charge of the Eton Mission District of Hackney Wick from 1880 till 1891. Dr. Carter's work in South Africa has been much praised, and there is no doubt that his acceptance of the important Bishopric of Pretoria was not only popular, but will be of lasting benefit to the Church. His predecessor held the see from 1878.

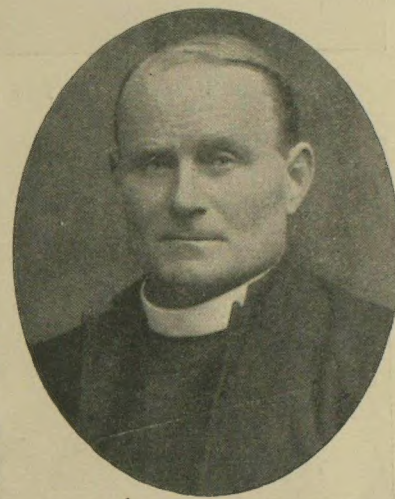


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT REV. W. M. CARTER,
New Bishop of Pretoria.

It is announced with proper feeling that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Minister in attendance on the King and Queen, is so far none the worse for the cruise of the royal yacht, although he is a bad sailor.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been impressing upon his hosts in Paris the unalterable loyalty of the French-Canadians to the British Crown. He has informed them that he and his compatriots enjoy absolute freedom and equality under British institutions. All this is news to most Parisians, and they do not pretend to like it.

The Shah's visit to Paris has a literary turn. M. Jules Oppert, the great French Orientalist, has greatly delighted the distinguished visitor by reciting to him long poems in Persian. The charm of staying in Paris in order to hear long poems in Persian has never been sufficiently appreciated until now.

France has a mild repetition of the Dreyfus case in the trial of Voisin, a private soldier sent to Cayenne for a murder committed by another. The real criminal confessed, and the innocent man was "pardoned." Now he is endeavouring to secure rehabilitation, and it is actually contended that he is guilty after all.

Sir Campbell Clarke, who died on Aug. 26 after a short illness, was born on Oct. 3, 1835, and after being educated at Bonn, became Sub-Librarian to the British Museum, holding the position from 1852 till 1870. In the latter year he was appointed Paris correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, and arrived at Sedan a fortnight after the battle. Six years later he undertook a special mission to Constantinople, and sent home the first news of the British occupation of Cyprus. He was particularly interested in literary, dramatic, and musical criticism, and was elected a member of the musical jury of the Paris Exhibition of 1889. Among his literary works may be mentioned translations for the Philological Society, the adapting of general plays for the English stage, and a number of songs. Sir Campbell, who received the honour of knighthood in 1897, was an Officer of the Legion of Honour, Officer of Public Instruction, Grand Officer of the Medjidieh, Commander of the Lion and Sun of Persia, Commander of the Order of the Redeemer of Greece, and Chevalier of Charles III. of Spain.

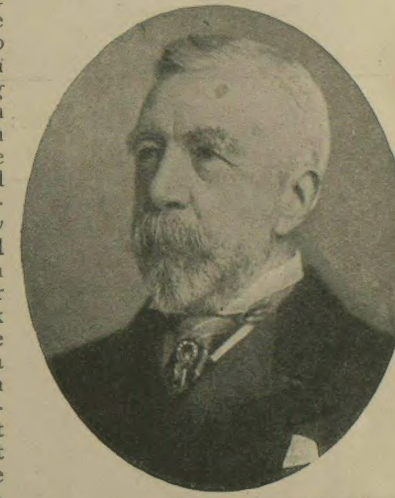


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR CAMPBELL CLARKE,
Special Correspondent.

THE RELIGIOUS MANIA AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS IN MANITOBA: SCENES IN THE COLONY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. P. ARCHER.



THE SHALLOWS IN THE RIVER WHERE WATER IS DRAWN.



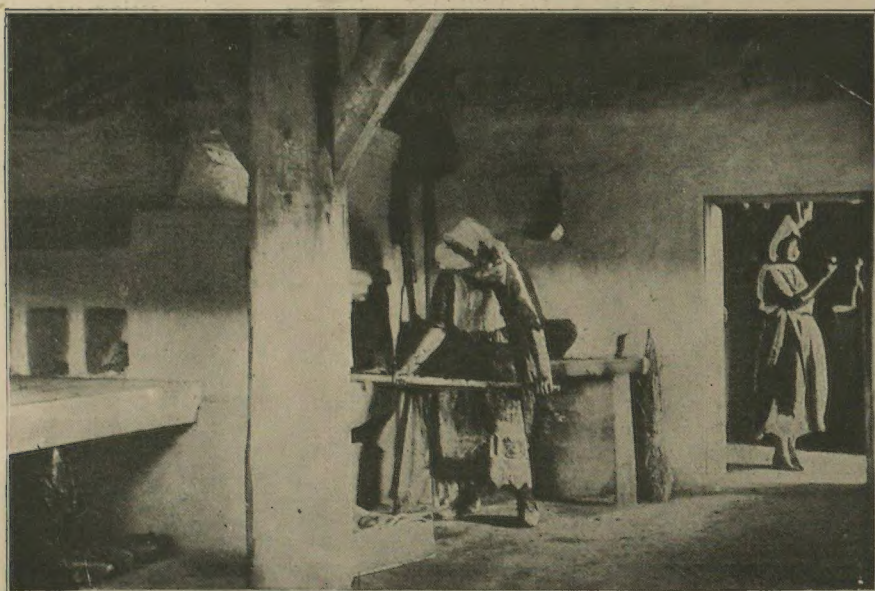
DOUKHOBOR WOMEN FETCHING WATER.



DOUKHOBOR WOMEN TREADING CLAY FOR PLASTER.



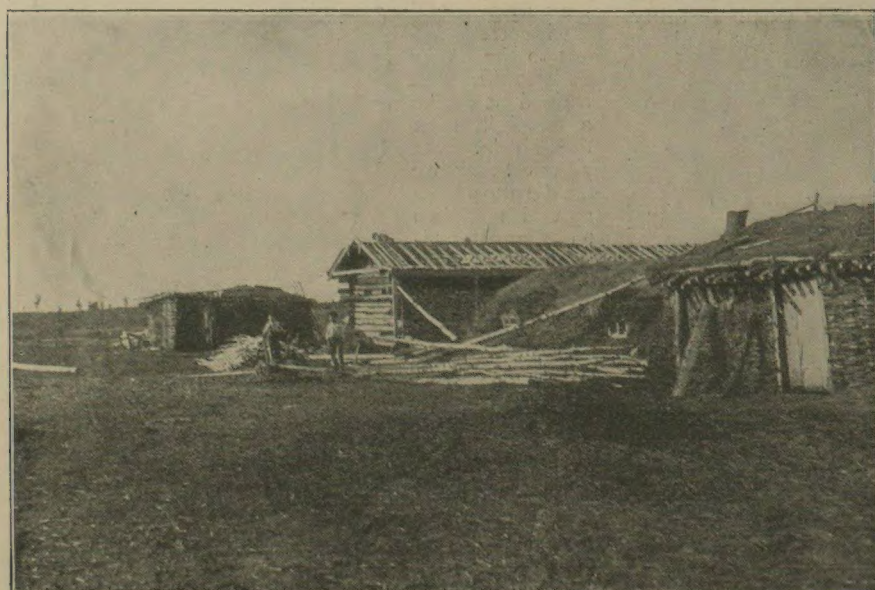
WOMEN'S WORK AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS: PLASTERING A LOG HUT.



AN INTERIOR: BAKING.



A TANNER, NOW THROWN IDLE BY THE DISCARDING OF ANIMAL CLOTHING.



DOUKHOBOR RESIDENCES, OLD AND NEW: SHOWING ORIGINAL DUG-OUT HOVEL.



A FAMILY GROUP OF DOUKHOBORS IN THEIR SUNDAY COSTUME.

THOMPSON.

By W. L. ALDEN.

*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

YES, Sir! As you were saying [continued Captain Foster], sailors are a mighty rum lot. That is to say, they used to be, when there were any sailors. As for the coal-heaving rainecks that ship as A.B.'s aboard steam-ships, I don't call them sailors at all. They know less about sailing than a farm-hand along the Connecticut shore used to know.

In the old days you'd find all sorts of men in a fo'c'sle, and some of them were as smart as they make them. I remember one chap that we had aboard the old *Fidelia*, of the Blackball Line, the time I was mate of her, along with Captain Smedley, that used to be in the China trade. That chap wore out my mind more than any sailor I ever knew.

We were lying in the East River, waiting for the tide, and likewise for the balance of our crew. Sailors were scarce in New York just then, and you had to put up with anything the shipping-master might bring you, and be thankful even if it was a Dago who couldn't understand a word of English, and didn't know one rope from another. I was talking with the Captain on the quarter-deck, when a man comes aft, looking as if he hadn't been sober for a month, and wouldn't be in his right mind till he had had another half-pint of rum.

"Beg your pardon, Captain," says the man, holding on with one hand to the edge of the skylight. "I've been shanghaied."

"Sorry to hear it," says old Smedley; "but I don't see what business it is of mine."

"But I'm not a sailor," says the man. "I'm a clergyman; and I want you to put me ashore before my family go crazy over my disappearance."

"If I was your family," says Smedley, "I'd be more likely to go crazy if I thought there was a chance of your coming home before the end of this voyage, which, I tell you candidly, there ain't."

"But just look at it," went on the man. "I was going home from my church in Sixteenth Street when something hit me on the head, and the next thing I knew I found myself in this ship, and in these dirty rags. I must have been knocked down and drugged, and kidnapped, and unless you put me ashore, you and your owners will have to pay heavy damages."

"If I was you," says Smedley, "I wouldn't indulge in no threats. They're mighty apt to come home to roost, as the proverb says. You was regularly shipped by the shipping-master, and your name's on the articles, and you've had your advance. By the way, what might your name be?"

"The Reverend James Wilson," says the man.

"That ain't so," says Smedley. "Here's the articles that says that your name is William Thompson. Clergymen don't lie about their names."

"But, Captain," said the man, "I never signed my name to any articles. The man who kidnapped me signed any name he chose."

"Don't you tell no more lies, my man," says Smedley. "Just let me look at your hands."

The man's hands were stained brown enough for any sailor, but there wasn't any doubt that they did look rather too small and too smooth.

"They must have stained my hands," said the man. "That was easy enough, and it don't prove that I am not a clergyman. Just think, Captain, of my awful position! My family and people will think that I have run away with some woman, or been murdered, or fallen into the river. I implore you to put me ashore before it is too late."

I noticed that though the man was unsteady in his legs, and looked considerable dazed in the face, his head was clear, for he could talk as glib as any lawyer. I began to think that there might be something in his story, and so did Smedley, who was a good-hearted man,

slack of that port mizzen royal brace, and then go forrard where you belong."

The man said "Thank you, Sir. You'll find that my story is correct"; and then he went to the main rigging, and laid his hand on the mizzen royal brace without so much as looking aloft to see if he had got hold of the right rope.

"Now, you hound," says Smedley. "Don't you open your mouth again about being a clergyman. How did you know where the mizzen royal brace was unless you were a sailor? Is your church full rigged, with all the running gear of a packet-ship? Get out of my sight before I hit you."

"But, Captain!" said the man. "It is true that I was a sailor when I was a boy, but that was twenty years ago. Besides, I often preach to sailors, and I take pains to remember all about a ship. I assure you that I am a clergyman, and your steward will find that I have told the truth."

By this time I was so sick of the man that I took him by the scruff of the neck and ran him forrard, and told him that if he didn't turn to cheerfully, I'd make him, if I used up every belaying-pin in the ship over his head. He didn't make any answer, but went below, and as, I suppose, turned in, with a view to getting more sober before the regular work of the ship should begin.

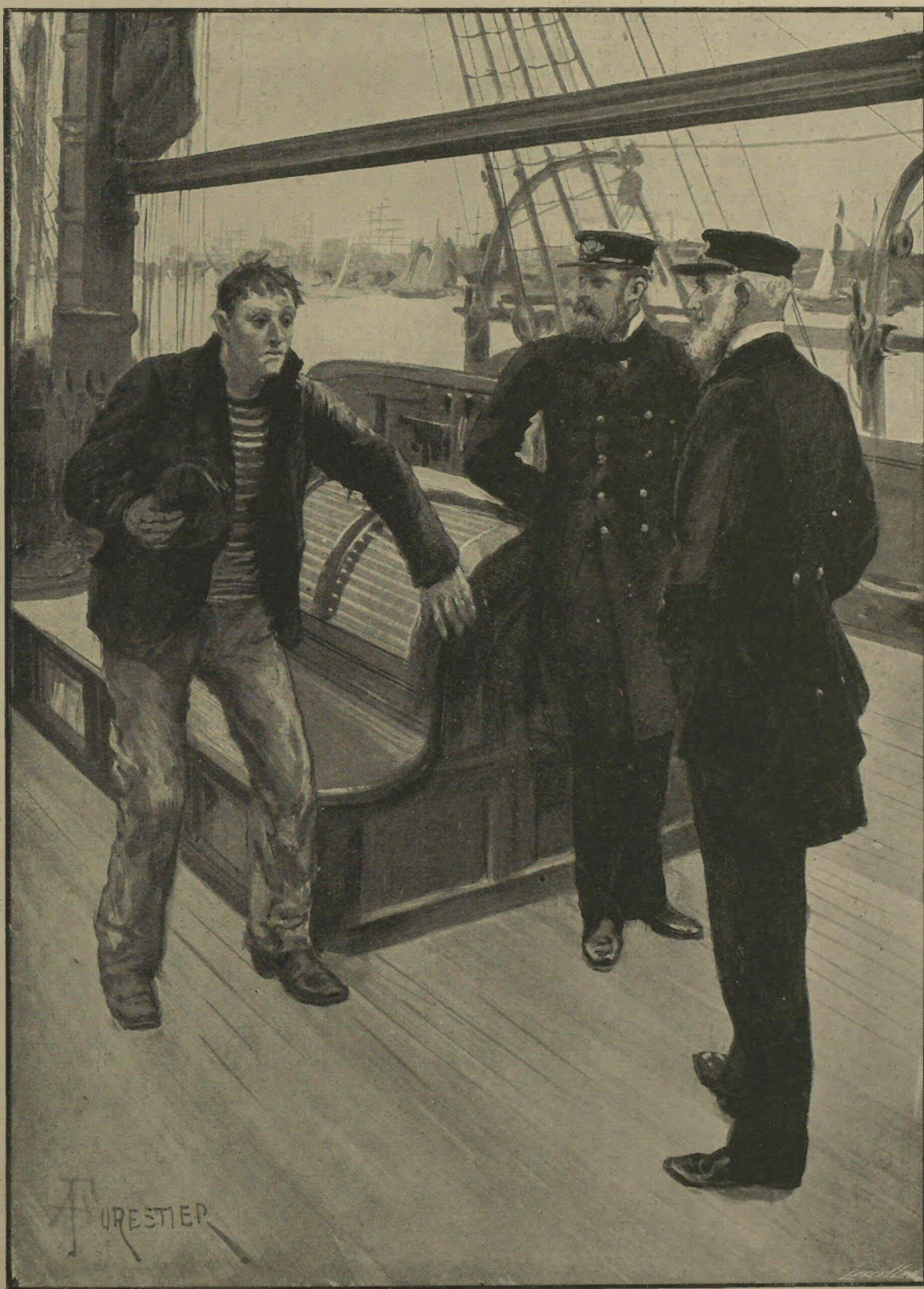
That night we chose watches, and, having the last choice, I took the man Thompson into the port watch, calculating that I'd have considerable trouble with him before we got to Liverpool. But he turned to like a man, and proved that he was a first-class sailorman. The next afternoon, as he was at the wheel, and the Captain and most of the passengers below, I said to him: "Are you ashamed by this time of the yarn you told the Captain about your being a clergyman?"

"No, Sir," said Thompson. "I am never ashamed of the truth. I admit that I made a bad impression on you and the Captain when I showed that I knew the running-gear, but I am glad that I did not attempt any concealment in the matter."

"Then you stick to your yarn," says I.

"I said, Sir," says he, "that I am a clergyman, which is perfectly true. I shall bring an action against the Captain and the owners when I get back to New York, and then I shall produce my proofs. I know that it is too late to put me ashore now, but the least the Captain could do would be to put me into the cabin as a first-class passenger. The time is coming when he will regret having treated a clergyman with such inhumanity."

"That be hanged!" says I. "This is the most comfortable ship on the Western ocean, and you've been treated a thousand times better than you deserve. You're no more a clergyman than I am. You're just a malingering that wants a cabin passage and a private waiter and a piano and champagne every day. Why," I continued, getting pretty mad at the fellow's impudence, "of all the lying sea-lawyers that ever I ran foul of, you're the worst and the most aggravating. If you ever open your ugly



"Beg your pardon, Captain, I've been shanghaied."

who had been hopefully pious ever since he was a boy. So I wasn't so very much surprised when Smedley said: "My man! I don't believe your story, but I'm not the man to do anybody an injustice. The steward is going ashore in a few minutes, and I'll have him go to your church and inquire if they have missed the parson. If they say 'yes,' I'll set you ashore. If they say 'no,' you'll stop aboard and have a double allowance of work served out to you." Now go forrard, and keep out of my sight until I send for you. Oh! Just take in the

mouth again to me about that yarn of yours, you'll be mighty sorry."

"I shall keep silent until the time comes to speak out, Sir," he answered, civilly enough as I must admit. "But, Sir, if you will excuse me for adding a word, it was you who began this conversation."

"Oh, shut up!" says I. "Your language is disgusting. The next time you have to speak to me, talk like a sailorman, and not like a beastly lawyer."

I was pretty considerably mad at the man, but I couldn't help admitting to myself that he was right in saying that I had begun the conversation, and so I didn't say anything more to him. In the meantime he did his duty as well as any officer could have asked him to do it, and there wasn't a more willing or a better sailor in the whole crew, though he always had a sort of sad and solemn air, as if he was getting ready to go to church, or had lost his pocket-book, or something of that general sort.

The next afternoon Smedley says to me: "Mr. Foster! What do you make out of that man Thompson?"

"I make out, Sir," said I, "that he is a first-class sailorman, and the champion liar of the Western ocean."

"Do you know," says Smedley, "that I ain't quite absolutely everlasting sure about him. Suppose he was to turn out to be a clergyman, after all! He'd sue the owners and he'd sue me, on account of having been shanghaied, and the chances are that he'd sue you and the second mate for cruel treatment; and his people would back him up, and the papers would make the biggest kind of a row over it. They'd call it 'Kidnapping a Clergyman,' and 'Inhuman Treatment of a Minister of the Gospel.' I hope we haven't made any mistake. I don't like the notion of having been unjust to my fellow man if he's going to sue me for damages."

"I was talking with him yesterday, when he was at the wheel," says I, "and he sort of hinted that if you didn't take him into the cabin, and treat him as a first-class passenger, you'd regret it."

"He did, did he?" says Smedley. "Come to think of it, that's no more than what I ought to do, provided he is really a clergyman, and would promise not to sue us. Anyhow, if I did give him a cabin passage, the court wouldn't be hard on me."

"But," says I, "you don't really think that the man's yarn has any truth in it? Just imagine a clergyman proving to be the best sailor aboard ship! Why the thing's clean impossible."

"I suppose you're right," says Smedley, "but I wish I could prove to my own satisfaction that the man ain't anything but a sailor, and that I could hammer him without fear of consequences."

"You leave it to me, Sir," says I. "I'll prove to you that he's no more a clergyman than I am, and when you're satisfied, you can just relieve your mind by learning him that lying don't pay."

After that I went to work to prove that I was right. I took pains to drop a marlinspike on the man's foot, accidentally like, and stood by to hear him swear, which he naturally would do if he wasn't a clergyman. But he disappointed me. When the marlinspike hit him he sang out "Good Lord!" and then he sort of clapped a stopper on himself, and didn't say another word.

I told Smedley what had happened, and asked him his opinion about the language the man had used. He held that it was swearing. I couldn't altogether agree with him, and said that I had heard clergymen say words to the same effect in church.

"Of course you have," says Smedley, "and they were all right. But using religious language in church is one thing; and using it out of church is another. Now I hold that Thompson swore when you dropped that marlinspike, for the reason that he wasn't in church. Clergymen don't swear, and consequently Thompson ain't no sort of species of a clergyman."

"Perhaps you're right, Sir," says I; "but I can't quite hoist in what you say. To my mind, what Thompson said is what any clergyman might have said in the circumstances, but it don't prove anything, one way or another. However, I'll try some other plan. We'll get at the truth before we get to Liverpool, or I'm a Dutchman."

Well! A day or two afterwards I left a half bottle of old Medford rum in my room, and I sent Thompson in to clean the room out, calculating that if he wasn't a clergyman he'd be sure to sample that rum. But the plan didn't work, for after Thompson had left the room, and before I went into it, the second steward went in on some errand or another. This made it impossible for me to be sure who had sampled the rum, for the chances were that both of them would have had a hack at it. The worst of it was that I had forgot to put any mark on the bottle, and couldn't for the life of me tell whether the men had touched it or not. So we weren't any nearer getting at the truth of Thompson's yarn than we had been.

On Saturday afternoon the old man calls Thompson aft, and says to him: "My man, do you still stick to that ridiculous yarn of yours about being a clergyman?"

"Sir," says Thompson, "I am the unworthy pastor of the Sixteenth Street church, and I am here because wicked men have kidnapped me."

"All right," says Smedley. "Being as you say you're a clergyman, you'll preach on this identical quarterdeck to-morrow morning at four bells; and if you don't preach a regular ship-shape sermon, I shall know that you outrank Ananias."

"Very good, Sir," says the man. "Only I must remind you, Sir, that I am an Episcopalian, and can't possibly hold service without a prayer-book."

"There won't be no trouble about that," says Smedley. "There's a prayer-book that a passenger left aboard here, that is underneath the corner of my sea-chest, levelling it up, at this identical minute. You can use that if you can't hold a meeting without your sailing directions."

"I can hold the service, Sir!" says Thompson, "so long as I've got a prayer-book; but I haven't got any sermon."

"You've got plenty of time between now and to-morrow morning to get up a sermon," says Smedley, "and you'll do it, or it'll be the worse for you. Anyman that is a clergyman, and understands his business, can preach, even if he hasn't got an idea in his head. So you go forrard and fix up that sermon, and bear a hand about it. I'll lend you some paper and ink and a pen, and if you want anything else, such as a hymn-book, or a collection-bag, or a glass of water, or a pair of slippers, or any of the things that a regular clergyman has got to have, you come aft and ask the steward, who'll have my orders to do what is necessary."

The man went forrard without another word, and Smedley says to me, with an air of having done something everlastingly smart: "I calculate, Mr. Foster, that I've caught the scoundrel this time. If he's a clergyman, he'll be able to preach a genuine sermon, with firstly, and secondly, and to conclude, and finally, and one word more, just like our clergyman at Smedleyville. If he isn't anything but a sailor, he'll find some excuse for not preaching. According to my way of thinking, we've heard pretty near the last of his ridiculous yarn about being a shanghaied preacher."

"Perhaps so, Sir," says I; "but that chap's got cheek enough to do anything, and I've a notion that he'll get the best of us in this preaching racket, and in everything else, if we pay any attention to what he says."

Well, Sunday morning came, and at ten o'clock Thompson laid aft, dressed in a tailed coat that the steward had lent him, and looking as solemn as the best clergyman you ever saw. He went up to the capstan, and he read the service out of the prayer-book, without ever once running foul of anything, or getting took aback. He gave out a hymn and started the tune, and the men liked it so much that they encored it, and sang the whole ten or a dozen verses over again. Then Thompson gave out his text, which was, if I remember the exact words, "No kidnapper shall be allowed to live." I don't know exactly where he said the text was, but he gave the latitude and longitude of it all right, same as a regular clergyman would do. When he had repeated the text twice, looking the old man straight in the face as he did so, he forged ahead with his sermon, and preached nearly an hour by the clock.

There ain't no manner of doubt that it was a powerful sermon. It was all about the sin of kidnapping human beings, and of tyrannising over them with belaying-pins and hard words. The longer the sermon lasted, the blacker old Smedley's face grew, for he knew well enough that Thompson was preaching straight at him, and getting square with him every word he spoke.

When the service was over Smedley called Thompson, and says to him, "My man! I don't deny that your sermon was shipshape in a general way, but I want you to understand that nobody is allowed to preach against me on my own quarterdeck. We'll have no more preaching from you, and if I hear so much as a single word out of you, except 'Aye, aye! Sir!' till we get to Liverpool, I shall probably get riled, and make things inconvenient for your friends, in case they should ever want to recognise you again."

Thompson looked as if his feelings had been badly hurt, but he only heaved a sigh, and went forrard with his head down, and his hands behind his back, for all the world like a minister who has just been attending a particularly bad funeral. We heard no more complaints from him for the rest of the passage, but I could see that Smedley was getting more and more worried about the man every day. He took pains to find out what the crew thought about Thompson, and of course he found out that they believed Thompson's yarn, and calculated that Smedley was a first-class brute for keeping the man in the fo'c'sle. To tell the truth, after hearing that sermon, I was feeling a little doubtful about Thompson myself. It didn't seem hardly probable that he could have worked his way through the prayer-book and preached for an hour on end if he hadn't been regularly trained to the business. Of course, I didn't mind what the men thought. They were the usual ignorant lot, and Thompson, who could talk the legs off an iron pot, could naturally make them believe anything. Either Thompson was a clergyman and had been shamefully shanghaied, or else he was the ablest liar in the whole United States, and I was beginning to think that perhaps he might be both. There are clergymen who have lied and been disrated for it; and it was just possible that Thompson might be one of them.

Well, Sir, we made a good passage, getting into Liverpool a little short of thirty-two days. We paid the men off, for they had been shipped by the run, and there wasn't hardly anything coming to any of them, seeing as they had all had their month's advance. Thompson hadn't a penny in his pocket, and owed the sloop-chest for considerable clothes and tobacco; and when Smedley handed him his discharge, which was "V.G.," for, as I have said, he was an A I sailor, he told him to step aside and wait for a few minutes.

"Mr. Foster," says Smedley, when Thompson was out of hearing, "I'm worried about that man. He hasn't got the price of a meal in his pocket."

"What of that?" says I. "Ain't all the rest of the men fixed the same way? Let him get another ship, same as the others will do."

"Suppose," says Smedley, "that when he gets back to New York he sues us, and proves that his story is true? It would about ruin the owners, and me too, and I should probably lose my ship before I was through with it."

"If that's your idea," says I, "perhaps you'd better give the man a saloon passage home." I said this in what you might call a sarcastic way; but Smedley jumped at it.

"That's just what I think is my Christian duty," says he. "If the man's a clergyman, and I'm pretty well convinced that he is, he ought to have the best the ship can give him. Don't the Scripture say something about making friends with unrighteousness? That's what I'm going to do in this matter. I'll treat Thompson so, that

by the time we get back to New York he'll as soon think of suing his brother as of suing me."

I saw that Smedley wasn't in a state of mind to be reasoned with, and so I let him talk, and when he had got through with trying to tell me that he was going to make an ass of himself, I went about my own business. I saw him call up Thompson, and have a long talk with him, and then Thompson went ashore. I didn't see him again till we were ready to sail, and the passengers came aboard. There were only two of them, and one of the two was Thompson, and the other was a chap that was a sure enough Methodist minister.

Thompson was dressed in a suit of cheap parson's slops, and the old man called him the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and treated him with more respect and more attention than he ever treated any passenger before or since, though we used to have mighty distinguished people along with us, such as an ex-President of the United States, and the champion middle-weight of America, and the editor of the Smedleyville *Banner of Freedom*. Thompson took it all in, with a solemn face, and sort of met the old man's kindness half-way, as you might say. But I noticed that we didn't have any Sunday services during the passage home. Smedley allowed that he had enough of Thompson's preaching, and that it was calculated to lead to a breach of the peace. Of course, if he didn't let Thompson preach he couldn't let the other man preach, and so he allowed that he didn't consider Sunday services safe in bad weather, and that the men didn't consider them necessary in fair weather, and would mutiny if he ordered them aft to attend service.

The Methodist chap and Thompson didn't get on together. At first the Methodist, who was a good sort of chap, wanted to be friendly and to talk theology with Thompson; but Thompson wouldn't hear to it, and treated him with such a high-and-mighty air that the Methodist got mad, and no wonder. He privately told Smedley that he had his doubts about Thompson, and believed that he was a Jesuit in disguise; and Thompson told the old man that the Methodist's certificate wasn't any good, and that he didn't recognise him as a clergyman of any sort. Smedley didn't like this state of things, but he couldn't help himself, and he was bound to keep in with Thompson every time, so as to run clear of the lawsuit that Thompson swore he was going to bring against everybody concerned in shanghaing him.

What I couldn't understand, seeing as Thompson had proved himself a first-class sailor, was that he was a teetotaller. The Methodist used to take his allowance of porter every day, like a man; but Thompson said that all beer and wine and spirits were devices of the devil, and I considered that his language was downright profane in saying so. But, of course, a man has a right to be a teetotaller if he hasn't sense enough to keep sober; and I couldn't really say that I thought Thompson's conduct in the matter so particularly bad, considering that he said he was a clergyman.

The day before we sighted Sandy Hook the old man says to me, "Mr. Foster, I'm glad to say that Mr. Wilson has given me his word that he won't sue either you or me."

"You're talking of Thompson, Sir, of course," says I, being middling mad at the man's cheek in promising not to sue me, as if I had had anything to do with shanghaing him. "You're sure, I suppose, that he is a clergyman?"

"Certain sure!" says Smedley. "And what's more, I've a great deal of respect for the man, considering how nobly he has borne the outrageous treatment of the men who shanghaied him."

"Well!" says I, "it's no business of mine; but I shall always have my doubts about Thompson, unless I see him in the pulpit of the church that he says he's master of."

That night we got into New York, and as we were towing up the Bay to an anchorage for the night, I heard a row in the cabin. The second mate was on deck as well as the pilot, so I jumped below to see what was the matter. There was Smedley lying on his back in the middle of the saloon, with Thompson sitting on him and singing a profane song, and keeping time by hitting Smedley on the nose. The steward and the second steward were looking on through a crack in a state-room door, too much scared to call for help, and the Methodist minister was locked in his room, and was yelling blue murder through the ventilator.

I hauled Thompson off, for I was pretty strong in those days, and the liquor that the man had stolen out of the pantry was beginning to get into his legs. I never yet heard a man cuss as he did while I was locking him up in his room, though I'd been to sea for twenty years, and passed most of that time in the Blackball Line. Smedley was considerably damaged, so the steward and I put sticking-plaster on him, and put him in his berth, where he stopped for the next twenty-four hours.

Thompson, by the Captain's orders, was allowed to go ashore the next morning. He was sober enough then, and had changed his parson's togs for his sailor clothes. He went ashore as smiling and as impudent as you choose. The old man was in hopes that if he didn't have the fellow arrested he wouldn't spread the story of how he had made a fool of a Blackball Captain and got a free passage in the first cabin. But Thompson would to a certainty have told the story in every sailor boarding-house in New York if it hadn't been that he was arrested within an hour after he went ashore, on charge of having robbed an old countryman of ten thousand dollars by the confidence game. You see, although he had been a sailor when he was younger, he was the leading confidence man in New York, and the biggest scoundrel unhung. I never knew whether he had been shanghaied, or whether that was all a pretence. Anyhow, he played a smart game on Smedley, and after that, if any man wanted to rile the old man, all he had to do was to ask him about his friend the Rev. James Wilson. Smedley would heave a tumbler, or a bottle, or a belaying-pin, or anything that came handy, at his best friend, if such a question was hove at him.

THE END.

CYCLE VERSUS WAR-BALLOON: THE EXPERIMENTAL CHASE ON AUGUST 30.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CHASE.



OUT INTO OPEN
COUNTRY—

THE START
FROM
STAMFORD BRIDGE
GROUNDS

THE START FROM STAMFORD BRIDGE GROUNDS.

The aeronaut, the Rev. J. M. Bacon, representing a bearer of despatches, was chased by the cyclists of the 26th Middlesex. The balloon was carried over the southern suburbs, and after fifteen miles, Mr. Bacon, according to arrangement, descended and endeavoured to evade pursuit on foot. Near Leatherhead he was discovered on a corn-shock, and, yielding to superior force, gave up his despatches.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



Photo. Shelley.

THE PROPOSED PURCHASE OF GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE AT SELBORNE:
THE NATURALIST'S FORMER HOME.



Photo. Valentine.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS: SULGRAVE MANOR HOUSE,
SAID TO HAVE BEEN PURCHASED FOR RE-ERECTION IN AMERICA.



Photo. Zander and Labisch.

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF ITALY TO GERMANY: THE BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN
RECEIVING HIS MAJESTY AT THE BRANDENBURGER GATE, AUGUST 28.



Photo. Russell.

MUSIC ON BOARD THE KING'S YACHT: "SONS OF THE SEA" MINSTREL TROUPE,
FORMED BY MEMBERS OF THE CREW.



Photo. W. J. S. Lewis.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW RECREATION GROUND AT NEWPORT, I.W.:
PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG ENTERING THE PARK.



Photo. W. J. S. Lewis.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW RECREATION GROUND AT NEWPORT:
THE PRESENTATIONS TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Colonel Colborne, on Thursday, Aug. 28, opened the new recreation ground at Newport, Isle of Wight. Her Royal Highness opened the gate with a golden key, and then, accompanied by the Mayor, proceeded into the grounds, where several ladies and gentlemen were afterwards presented to the Princess. These included Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, who gave the ground, and Mrs. Chamberlayne. In the evening the place was brilliantly illuminated, and the 2nd Derbyshire Regiment performed a tattoo.

THE FIRST BRITISH SUBMARINES AT PORTSMOUTH.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



A CONTRAST OF THE AGES: A SUBMARINE ON THE SURFACE PASSING THE "VICTORY."

Even before the "Victory's" time a submarine had been designed, which differed generally very little from the present type.



TWENTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE: INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE BOATS RUNNING SUBMERGED.

The vessel is steered by the captain, the lower part of whose body is alone seen in our picture. The man with his hands up is working the horizontal rudders that regulate the depth attained. The torpedoes can be seen on the deck, and above them the cylinders of air for the crew. The men, provided they continually go through the motion of swallowing, can remain below for a considerable time.



THE NEW FRENCH FIELD ARTILLERY: PRACTICE BY A BATTERY OF PIECES OF 75 CALIBRE.

DRAWN BY F. KAUFFMANN.

The gun on the left has just been fired, and the drawing shows how the weapon recoils without moving the carriage. On the right of the picture is shown the method of charging the piece.



Princess Victoria.

Mr. Hall Caine.

The Queen.

The King.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN, AUGUST 25: THEIR MAJESTIES AT BISHOPSCOURT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COWEN, RAMSEY.



"PRAISE BE TO GOD ON HIGH": THE OPENING WORDS OF THE MOHAMMEDAN CONFESSION OF FAITH.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



Tristan l'Hermitte
(Mr. Alfred Brydone).

Robin Turgis
(Mr. Richard Dalton).

Louis XI.
(Mr. Charles Fulton).

François Villon
(Mr. George Alexander).

Huguette du Hamel
Miss Suzanne Sheldon).

"If Villon were the King of France."—Act I.

THE NEW ROMANTIC PLAY, "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, AUGUST 30.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

THE KING OF ITALY'S VISIT TO BERLIN: A MILITARY DISPLAY.

DRAWN BY E. CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM, THE EMPRESS, AND THE KING OF ITALY AT THE AUTUMN PARADE ON THE TEMPELHOFFER FELD, BERLIN.

The review took place on August 30, and the number of troops on parade was much larger than usual. The regiments represented belonged to the Guards Army Corps, and the review lasted about two hours and a half. The Emperor wore the uniform of the 1st Foot Guards, with an Italian order; and the King of Italy wore the blue uniform of his Hessian Hussar Regiment, with the yellow ribbon of the Black Eagle. The Empress sat in the uniform of the 2nd Cavalry Regiment.



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NAPOLÉON AND THE OLD GUARD.

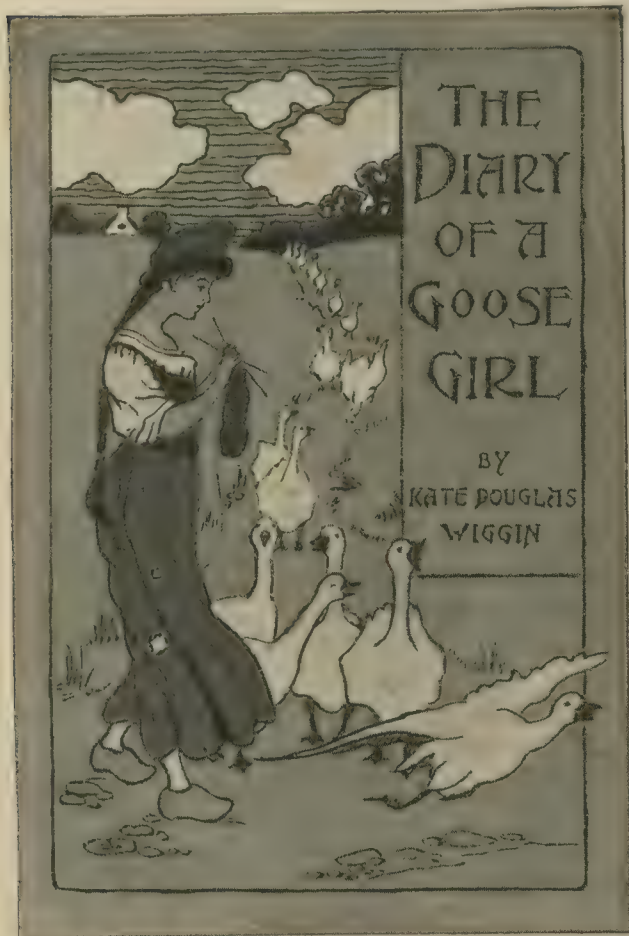
FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

LITERATURE

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Diary of a Goose-Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (London: Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)
Honey. By Helen Mathers. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man. (London: Harpers. 6s.)
Outer Isles. By A. Goodrich Freer. (London: Constable. 12s. 6d.)
An English Girl in Paris. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
The Memoirs of François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand. In Six Vols. Vols. I.—IV. (London: Freemantle. 90s., Set of Six Vols.)
L'hasa at Last. By J. Ma. Donald Oxley. (London: Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

Mrs. Wiggin scores another success by "The Diary of a Goose Girl." It is even more airy than its predecessors; the author's touch seems to grow lighter



COVER DESIGN.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Gay and Bird.

and easier (if that were possible) as the material becomes slighter out of which she weaves her delicate and charming trifles. We no longer follow the adventures of Penelope, but the heroine is Penelope's own sister. Flying a lover, she buries herself at Thornycroft Farm, to find that she is a goose-girl born. Happily for us, she is kept in the poultry-yard three weeks, instead of the three days she had anticipated, before True Love rides in to carry her off. He catches her at the climax of her amusing experiences, taking Phoebe's place in the weekly visit to Buffington with a cart-load of eggs and chickens and rabbits. It is all very deftly done; and we must note also how fortunate is Mrs. Wiggin in her illustrators. We are not likely to forget Mr. Charles Brock's success in "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," and Mr. Claude Shepperson's drawings in the present volume are things of delight.

Miss Helen Mathers is modern even among the moderns, and the heroine of "Honey" is an emancipated young person of the Melchizedek order. Untrammelled by inconvenient relations, and the possessor of a large fortune, Honey first bursts upon our vision quoting President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" in a London ball-room. The reader will readily perceive that Miss Mathers has allowed herself almost unlimited latitude, and of this she does not hesitate to avail herself. Honey is engaged to a gentleman who, when the story opens, is imprisoned for manslaughter, and who is in every particular a most undesirable *parti*. Honey, after the manner of self-willed young ladies, at first does not, and afterwards will not, see this to be the case. Her eyes are eventually completely opened by a young man called Ben, who is, in the last event, suitably rewarded by the lady's hand. All this is well enough, and the story is by no means lacking either in interest or in ingenuity, but we could have wished that Miss Mathers had seen fit to leave something to the reader's imagination. Also it is a mistake to allow even that privileged person, Mary Cassilis, to misquote Browning twice in two of his best-known lines (page 148).

The anonymous writer of "Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man" has failed to do what Mrs. Glyn succeeded in doing when she wrote that daring little book "The Visits of Elizabeth." Elizabeth, in spite of her unlovely characteristics, was, when all was written and done, a well-born little minx; the product of a loose and profligate society, no doubt, but representing a type of *ingénue* well known to the Mayfair and country-house world. Lady Beatrix is a vulgar caricature of Mrs. Glyn's heroine. We are asked to believe that an English gentleman, an earl, *par-dessus le marché*, countenances, or at least condones, the conduct of his eighteen-year-old daughter in every kind of silly intrigue, including one which has the object of giving a lesson to a religious hypocrite, a married man, of her mother's acquaintance and way of thought. The most unpleasant

passages in the book deal, however, with the lady who has the misfortune to be the mother of Lady Beatrix. *La Mère*, as her amiable and underbred daughter always calls her, is evidently supposed to describe the type of great lady given to good works, and endless are the flouts and jeers at her religious beliefs, and at the set, notably the Tartuffian Mr. Booseby-Brown, who are supposed to share her views. It may be said, in all seriousness, that the publication of such a story is calculated to render contemptible our governing classes in the eyes of American and Colonial readers, all the more so that the volume is unredeemed by any flashes of wit, tenderness, or real observation of human nature.

Mrs., or Miss, Goodrich Freer, being endowed with a taste for novelty, wisely turns her back on much-trodden Continental paths, and finds in our "Outer Isles" a degree of seclusion she would assuredly not discover in any Swiss or German resort. The Hebrides, being difficult of access in bad weather, and presenting few attractions in the shape of scenery that are not surpassed by those of more accessible districts, have few visitors; but the tourist who, like the author of this book, finds pleasure in studying customs and usages of a past age, preserved in their integrity by isolation, will find a grand field for investigation across the Minches. The island folk differ considerably from their brethren of the mainland; they retain all the sterling qualities of the Highlander, untarnished by contact with wealth and civilisation, and therewith to a remarkable degree their beliefs in the supernatural and uncanny. Mrs. Goodrich Freer takes a keen interest in folk-lore and superstition—a fair proportion of her book, indeed, is given up to the legends and anecdotes she has collected at first hand. That she should have been able to do this proves that she possesses the gift of sympathy so invaluable to the traveller who seeks understanding; she has also the sense of humour which often accompanies the greater gift, and ability to see the comical side of things enables her to accept the discomforts of Hebridean travel with a philosophic indulgence. Mrs. Goodrich Freer cannot speak too warmly of the courtesy and hospitality with which she was everywhere welcomed; and if her ideas on the thorny question of crofters' rights are very one-sided, we cannot, under the circumstances, be surprised at it. Her book is a useful and entertaining contribution to the literature of regions we ought to know better than we do.

We took up this bright and charming little book with a certain prejudice induced by having opened a page haphazard, and there seen that the writer causes her French friends to address each other as "Madame la Comtesse," "M. le Marquis," and so on, which proved that the "English Girl" had certainly not penetrated into the world she set out to describe, for—alas, perhaps that it should be so!—that fashion of speech has been among equals obsolete in France for over fifty years, the formal mode of address being left, in these Republican days, to Messieurs les Serviteurs!

But in spite of this trifling blemish the book certainly gives a most vivid and amusing picture of life as seen and as lived by the modern Parisian, each chapter being complete in itself, dealing with some one episode, while the whole is bound together by the slenderest thread of narrative. The writer has had the daring, not wholly to be commended, of giving a literal translation of every French idiom used, and though often the result thus attained is excellent, now and again comes a sentence which would be absolute nonsense were it not that the coherent meaning is explained in a bracketed aside. One word constantly used throughout the book is positively mistranslated. It is curious that anyone as really familiar with the French language as must be the writer can yet bring herself to translate the word "sauver" by "save." "Je me sauve," in the sense here used, is not at all "I save myself." As reasonable would it be to translate the English name of a fish, "sole," as "âme," "soul." Particularly excellent and vividly true to life are the chapters entitled "A Noble Marquis," a sympathetic sketch of a type we have never before seen described in any English book dealing with France; "The Concierge," in which is given a brilliant word-picture of that most odious of Parisian plagues; and "A Plage de Famille," which describes with gay good-humour the absurdities of one of the small watering-places which line the northern coast of France. The book, which is anonymous, bears traces of a practised hand: the next edition would be improved by the absence of descriptive marginal notes. These are always, save in very exceptional cases, the most irritating and useless kind of padding which author and publisher permit themselves.

Mr. de Mattos has made a scholarly, though at times too formal, translation of the memoirs of the vainest man of the nineteenth, or, for the matter of that, of any century. And it should be borne in mind that the hundred years in question produced, among the vainest of the *littérati*, monuments of conceit like Byron, Hugo, Lamartine, and Vigny; not to mention their German rivals—Gentz and Goethe, whose vanity, though, did not carry far either into France or England. Chateaubriand, however, was their master in that respect; and in justice to him, be it said, part of the period which he traversed and described was calculated to make him consider himself lifted far above its statesmen, and notably among its authors. He was, moreover, sometime Ambassador to England, and before that, during the most stressful times of the Revolution, a schoolmaster in the Fulham Road. As such, some of his recollections appeal to Englishmen. Hitherto there had been no complete translation of the work, and it would have been a pity if among the mass of twaddle and worthless stuff issuing daily and hourly from the various

publishers, this remarkable work had been neglected. Messrs. Freemantle, the publishers, and Mr. Texeira de Mattos are, therefore, to be sincerely congratulated on having given to the English reading world—in the best sense of the word—a work which, notwithstanding the spread of French among the better classes, would have presented many difficulties of perusal in the original. They have given everything of the best: paper, printing, and illustrations; but better than all these is their undoubted courage, for it required a great deal of courage to embark in such an undertaking. To the literary reader pure and simple, the most interesting part of these memoirs will unquestionably be the author's descriptions of his childhood and youth. They were originally written with a pen which had not become used to the frequent changing of the ink-stand for the gallpot; and although these early scenes were afterwards retouched, there remains in them sufficient of sweetness to make us pardon the bitterness, the pride, the vainglorious carping and the tilting at every one of his fellow poets. He is constant neither in his censure nor in his praise, for at one moment he treats Bernardin de St. Pierre, Rousseau, and Chateaubriand as so many scribblers, and accuses Byron of having plagiarised from his books, not the Memoirs; and the next he belauds all those writers to the skies. These blots are due certainly to the man himself, but to the man soured by circumstances and notably by financial circumstances. The bitterness must be forgiven him, because, as Béranger asked: "What can you do with a man who has not learned to pull on his breeches without the aid of a valet?" The political part is interesting in virtue of a common trait it discloses between Chateaubriand and at least two of his great countrymen and contemporaries—namely, Lamartine and Hugo. They would not remain content with their universal fame as poets; they must of necessity meddle with politics; and "a poet as a legislator is a most troublesome being," said Napoleon III. In spite of all this, the Memoirs, in their English garb, are a most valuable addition to our modern literature, and are worth welcoming accordingly.

There is always something fascinating in the unknown, and one opens Mr. Oxley's book with a lively sense of curiosity to be gratified. Something of disappointment naturally results when one discovers that in a work of thirty-two chapters "L'hasa at Last" heads the thirtieth division, and that the most sacred and the most jealously guarded of the cities of the Lamas of Tibet is described in but barren fashion, and calls forth the wondering question, "Do you think L'hasa is worth all the trouble it takes to get here?" The reader is involuntarily compelled to confess that he does not. Starting from India, and following the route taken half a century ago by the French missionaries Gabet and Huc, to whose graphic narrative the author acknowledges his indebtedness, Colonel Stannard, of the Forestry Department, and his son



"LET THE DOG ALONE!"

Reproduced from "L'hasa at Last," by permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Kent—early smitten with the exploring fever—a couple of natives, and a Tibetan trader-guide, literally force their way to the forbidden city, strenuously opposed by man and beast and nature, invariable enemies of such enterprises. The younger man, in particular, performs prodigies of valour with great judiciousness, and, needless to say, bears the charmed life so essential to a hero whose business it is to provide material for exciting reading and the conventional "happy ending." The other members of the party are not behindhand: innumerable difficulties are surmounted by a diplomatic blend of revolver and "just sums"; but there is an entire lack of plot to hold the imagination, and this story of a journey of haggling is, in consequence, unsatisfactory, smacking more of the amateur explorer's customary literary effort than the stirring novel it is doubtless intended to be.



THE BIRD OF THE MONTH: THE PARTRIDGE.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Around the topic of the comparative differences noticeable in the mental developments of men and women, a very large amount of discussion has taken place. To many persons—and especially to a certain type of feminine critic—the subject appears to act with the effect attributed to the proverbial red rag on the bull. It excites in her scorn and contumely. She will admit nothing of superiority of any kind on the part of the mere man. She claims sometimes a good deal more than equality of brain, and on occasion she will argue for the all-round higher standard of woman's cerebration. There is also the male critic who is given to speak of the "lesser man," and to assure womankind that they need never attempt any original thinking at all. I have heard a cynical man bring forward as a proof of the inferiority of women's mental powers that it is rare to find a woman inventing anything whatever. The same individual found a justification for his argument that women used hat-pins to enable them to retain their hats on their heads.

I do not profess to be able to enter into the merits of the question whether or not women lack inventive powers, and the hat-pin argument is perhaps not wholly convincing. It was asserted that women could not figure as composers; but of late days we have heard an opera the work of a lady, and sundry notable compositions can be called to mind as the work of a gifted daughter of a dignitary of the Church. Also, the records of University successes gave a direct negative to any ideas which might be entertained concerning the non-ability of women to attain the highest places in respect of intellectual work. The lists of graduates of Scottish Universities, and of other seats of learning, show a very fair proportion of women, and of honours-women as well. I hardly think the question can resolve itself into one of inferiority on the part of the gentler sex in brain-work. To my mind, if any differences can be demonstrated, they will be found in the general character of feminine achievements rather than in the sphere where a common intellectual standard is to be reached by both sexes.

There has, however, been published in the *Westminster Review* an article by Mr. James Swinburne which is likely to set the ball of discussion rolling once more. Dealing with "Feminine Mind-Worship," Mr. Swinburne evidently possesses the courage of his opinions. He endeavours to hold the scales of justice very equally indeed, and his main position can be readily appreciated. Evidently he leans to the side of things which sees in woman a very different type of mind from that possessed by man. This is the generalisation argument, of course. Man is regarded as taking the initiative in things. He creates and invents; he attains his ends through reasoning processes to which he is led by the type of his mental processes. Woman, on the other hand, is naturally intuitive. She will leap mentally to a conclusion which may be perfectly just, neglecting the intervening steps and stages whereby the man works his way to the sequence of things. Mr. Swinburne regards memory as playing an important part in women's work, and her skill and power to reproduce ideas exceeds that of her mate.

Our reviewer does not, of course, insist that all women's minds are of the type he describes, and there is a sop offered to any female Cerberus who may object to his views in the declaration that men may possess minds of feminine type. The clergy will perhaps have something to say to Mr. Swinburne for his assertion that the clerical mind is of the feminine variety. The scientific mind, on the other hand, is taken as the essentially masculine type, because it reasons, argues, and, as it were, walks round the subjects with which it deals. Turning to education as the factor which evolves the mental type, or rather as that which evolves what there is to develop, Mr. Swinburne finds the educational result in the formation of feminine intellect. Then discussing the remedy for this state of affairs, he finds it in science, and in the kind of culture which a scientific education is fitted to convey. Here nobody will disagree with the reviewer. We all recognise science as a power in mind-training second to none. The point missed, or rather imperfectly stated, it appears to me, is the effect likely to be produced by this training on the mind of women. Surely the mental differences are not so accentuated as to lead us to believe that a mode of education which would produce accuracy of thinking and the development of reasoning powers in the one sex would utterly fail in evolving such results in the case of the other.

In this last idea, I fancy, lies the solution of the whole problem. Given woman's intuitive mind and a scientific training, and we may hope for results gratifying in the extreme. We are not logical if we find fault with feminine intellectuality because, as a matter of fact, few women have enjoyed the advantage of scientific education. What is permissible, however, to repudiate and to condemn in the strongest possible terms, is the attitude of certain women writers (novelists, to wit) towards the opposite sex. I could mention several women whose whole creed as represented in their works appears to me to consist in an attempt to demonstrate (through fiction, of course) that man is not merely a mentally inferior species of animal, but also that morally he is hardly entitled to any consideration at all.

Whatever absurdities have been talked about the inferiority of woman's intellect, they pale "like ineffectual fires" before the utter nonsense produced by the type of feminine novel-writer to whom I have alluded. One's only consolation has been to find that sensible women have criticised such opinions as fiercely as any mere man could have done, and perhaps very much more to the point. But comparisons are mostly "odorous," and there remains the *via media* in this matter. Those who wisely walk therein will neither despise woman's intellectuality nor under-rate that of man.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

T ROBERTS.—You are not the only good solver puzzled by Mr. Healey's fine composition. We are glad to see representatives of "the old school" still so well in the front.

F HIGGS.—Thanks for problem, but the device employed is very old.

W FINLAYSON (Bridge of Allan).—We are glad to hear from you again. We think the problems are very good indeed.

M SHAIDA AH KHAN.—No. 2015 still defective, by 1. Q to B 6th, K to B 4th, Q to Q 7th (ch), etc.

BANARSI DAS.—Another solution, we fear, by 1. R to K 5th (ch), K moves; 2. R to K Kt 5th (dis. ch.), and 3. R mates.

CAPTAIN M GRIEVE.—If Black in your main variation plays 2. K takes K P, how do you mate next move?

W BIDDLE.—No. 1 is marked for insertion.

HERBERT A SALWEY.—In No. 106, 3. P takes Kt is not mate.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from Chevalier Desanges, R H Andrews, and Symmetry.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3036 and 3037 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3031 from Thomas Wetherall (Manchester) and A Belcher (Wycombe); of No. 3042 from A G (Pancsova) and Frank R Mitchell.

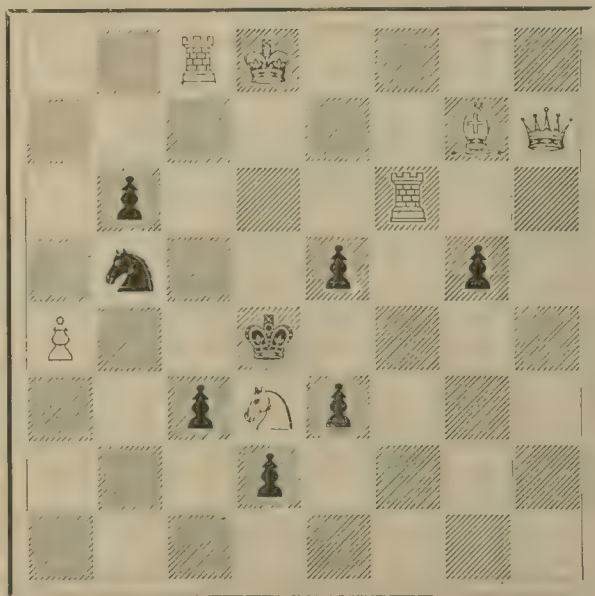
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3043 received from W D Easton (Sunderland), W A Lillie (Edinburgh), Martin F, Edith Corser (Reigate), Reginald Gordon, J W (Campse), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), T Roberts, R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), Alpha, W Nicholson (Ilfracombe, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Charles Burnett, Shadforth, F J S (Hampstead), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Frank R Mitchell, H Le Jeune, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Coad, Herbert A Salwey, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), L Desanges, Sorrento, and R Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3042.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 2nd	Kt takes Kt
2. R to Q sq	Any move
3. Q or Kt mates.	

PROBLEM No. 3045.—By FRED THOMPSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HANOVER.

Game played between Messrs. H. N. PILLSBURY and D. JANOWSKY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Q R to Kt sq	Q to Kt 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Kt to R sq	Q to Kt 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	23. P to Kt 4th	B to K 6th (ch)
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	24. K to Kt 2nd	Q to R 5th
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	25. Kt to K Kt 3rd	R to K 4th
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	26. Q R to K sq	B to R 3rd
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	27. P to Kt 5th	B to K B sq
8. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th	28. R to K 2nd	B to B sq
9. Kt to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
10. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B		
11. R P takes Kt	P to Kt 3rd		
12. P to B 4th	Kt to Q 2nd		
13. Kt to K sq	Kt to B 4th		
14. P to B 4th			
To prevent Black's P to Q 4th. But it turns out that Black gets the Knight in at Q 5th later. White had better have played B to K 3rd, Kt to Q 2nd, etc., preparing to advance on Black's weak position by P to K B 4th.			
15. P to B 5th	Kt to K 3rd	32. Kt to R sq	R to Kt sq
16. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 4th	33. Kt to K B 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
17. B takes Kt	P takes B	34. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K R 4th
18. Kt to B 2nd	P to B 4th	35. P to Kt 3rd	B to Q Kt 2nd
19. Q to B 3rd	Castles	36. R to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
20. P to B 6th	R to K sq	37. Kt to R 3rd	
21. P to R 4th	B to R 3rd		
If B takes P, 22. Q to B 4th, P to Kt 4th; 23. Q to Kt 4th, followed by Q to R 5th, would win.			
22. Kt to K 2nd	P takes P		
23. Kt P takes P	Q to Kt 3rd		

Another game in the Tournament between Dr. OLLAND and R. SWIDERSKI.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Dr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Dr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	24. B takes Kt	B to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. Q to Q B 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd		26. B to B sq	Q to K 2nd
This move avoids the well-beaten track.			
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	27. Q to K Kt 2nd	Q to Q sq
5. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	28. B to R 3rd	
6. Castles	Q to Kt 3rd		
7. P to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
8. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd		
9. B to B 2nd	P to B 5th		
	Q takes Kt P		
This capture ought to be useful, only Black should afterwards retire quickly and carefully.			
10. Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	29. B to Q 6th	Q R to Kt 2nd
11. P to B 4th	P to B 4th	30. P to Q R 4th	Kt to K 2nd
12. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	31. P takes P	P to Q R 3rd
13. K to R sq	R to B 2nd	32. R to R sq	P takes P
14. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 6th	33. K R to R sq	R to Q 2nd
15. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes Kt	34. K R to R sq	R to B sq
16. P takes B	Kt to B sq	35. B to B 5th	K to B 2nd
17. Kt to B 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	36. R to Q 6th	R to Kt 2nd
18. P to R 4th	P to Kt 4th	37. R takes B	R to Q 2nd
19. Q R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq		
20. P to Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd		
21. P takes P	K P takes P		
22. B to Q sq	Kt to K 3rd		
23. B to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt		

Excellent play. The Bishop, well supported by the Pawns, paralyses Black's movements now and later.

Another fine stroke, winning a piece and the game by a pretty combination. This new Dutch player has certainly won his spurs in this tournament.

BLACKCOCK-SHOOTING.

Ever since the grouse-shooting commenced, some of us have cast longing eyes at the three woods that stretch from the burn's side to the foot of the hills. They are separated from each other by a large field of wheat, green yet, and quite unfit for the reaping-machines, and a field of turnips. Our way from the moors to the house generally brings us past one or another of the three woods, but until the Twentieth of August they are as sacred as if every tree they hold had been raised from seed of the Tree of Knowledge. This morning, when we were roused as usual at six o'clock, there was a little flutter of excitement, something akin to the more definite thrill that comes with the Twelfth of August in the north of England and in Scotland, and with the First of September to any district south of Derbyshire.

By half-past six or a quarter to seven, we are in the garden making an early breakfast of fruit whose season in the south was over long ago: strawberries, currants, and gooseberries. At seven comes the real breakfast, an appetising affair of "parritch," and trout caught in the burn no later than yesterday, and honey made by the bees whose hives just now are set among the heather on the hills, and oaten cakes and scones—all perfect in their way. After breakfast there is an adjournment for a smoke, and at a quarter past eight, Donald the postman arrives from the town five miles away with the mail. He is allowed to stay a quarter of an hour, for this is his last place of call; and in this brief time we must scribble replies to letters needing an immediate answer, for there will be no further communication with the outer world in the next four-and-twenty hours.

Nine o'clock finds us fully equipped for the start, and we move off, six guns in all, to the first wood a quarter of a mile away, where the beaters, who have been through the adjacent fields and returned stray black game to the woods, are waiting for us. I know there will be good sport apart from their favourable report, for in my evening rambles during the past ten days I have seen the black game feeding by the woodsides, and once I came upon a great blackcock sunning himself in the middle of a hay-field. Seeing me, he returned to the wood straight over my head—a simple shot enough if one allowed for the pace and drew fully two feet in front of him. It is quite right to keep the wood quiet, for the black game when young are very awkward and stupid, far more easy to capture than their cousins the red grouse of the moor or the ptarmigan of the hilltops.

At the woodside our party breaks up. Two guns go to the right of the wood and two to the left, with instructions to keep in line with the beaters. I am told off with another gun to go to the far end of the wood to meet game that comes out right ahead of the driving line; and at the last moment one of the company, who was to have been outside the wood, is sent to stand well behind us and account for what passes our guns.

We walk quite quietly, a retriever at heel, along the woodside. Two wood-pigeons dash out with a heavy flutter of wings, but we let them pass unchallenged; a rabbit rises almost under my feet, and goes unharmed into the wood. At last we reach the far end, choose places, and whistle once to let the beaters know we are in place. An answering note comes back; the line is moving.

Now I can hear the tapping distinctly, the footfall amid the leaves and bracken, the varied cries. "Mark over, mark forward!" comes ringing through the wood, and in another moment two splendid birds come sailing out just over the tree-tops. My gun is scarcely up to my shoulder before I realise that I must put it down again: they are pheasants, last year's birds, and full-grown both, but sacred for another six weeks. Away they go, wheeling far to the left into the corn, and as I mark them down a pigeon goes right over my head, only to fall to the gun behind me. "Mark, mark, mark cock!" and this time there is no mistake about it, a splendid fellow comes away at a fine pace twenty-five yards to my right. In my excitement I pull right at him instead of well in front, and he goes in triumph until he passes within the fatal circle of the gun behind me. There is brisk firing on all sides now, for yesterday was very wet, and the birds were in the trees and have gone out at the sides as well as forward. Moreover, the rabbits that have skulked in front of the beaters are bolting now. Another blackcock comes out high up in full sail, and he crashes down as dead as Queen Anne, and far more eatable. What a handsome fellow it is! I do not think the blackcock yields place to any other British game bird in point of beauty.

"Mark hare!" cry the beaters, and puss comes flying out of the wood not ten yards away from me, and I leave her to my neighbour, who brings off a splendid shot at thirty-five or forty yards. "Mark, mark!" and out comes another pheasant, followed by a grey hen, and when the beaters are nearly in sight, late and artful blackcock tries to pass the zone of fire only to be "killed twice," as one of the lads on the beat remarks to me when he brings the bird up and shows that it was struck under the wing and through the head.

Four cock, three hen, four pigeon, one hare, and fourteen rabbits are the net result of the drive, and four cock or hen are reported "gone away." We go to the next wood, and finally to the third, changing the places of the guns, but following the tactics that were successful at first, and in the last beat excitement is doubled, for a roe deer is started. But though we hear the cries of the beaters and the unfamiliar cry "Mark deer!" the guns get no chance. The deer prefers the danger of doubling past the beaters, and goes away, almost unseen, to crouch where the bracken is thickest or hide in the uncut corn like a hare in its form. By the time the third drive is over and the bag is counted, seven blackcock and five grey hen are in it, and there are many stories of the pheasants and partridges that came up within easy range.

I would not say a word against a friend and fellow sportsman, but I am inclined to believe that one of my neighbours fired too soon at a full-grown partridge, mistaking it for something else. Seeing that he will not willingly spoil his tailor's art by carrying as much as a cartridge, his troubled look and bulging pocket are very suspicious.

S. L. B.

SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



BROKEN AWAY.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, AUGUST 26-29.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT ON THE SHOW-GROUND.

Photo, Lafayette.



FANCY FAIR: FIRST PRIZE MARE AND FOAL.

Photo, D'Arcy.



RED PRINCE II.: FIRST THOROUGHBRED SIRE, CROKER CHALLENGE CUP.

Photo, Lafayette.



SNOWFLAKE: FIRST PRIZE RIDING COB.

Photo, Chancellor.



CAVALIER: FIRST PRIZE HUNTER UP TO THIRTEEN STONE.

Photo, Lafayette.



MISS CORMACK: FIRST PRIZE FOUR-YEAR-OLD MARE.

Photo, Chancellor.



CHESTNUT: FIRST PRIZE THREE-YEAR-OLD FILLY.

Photo, Chancellor.



GURTHNAGAPUL: FIRST PRIZE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

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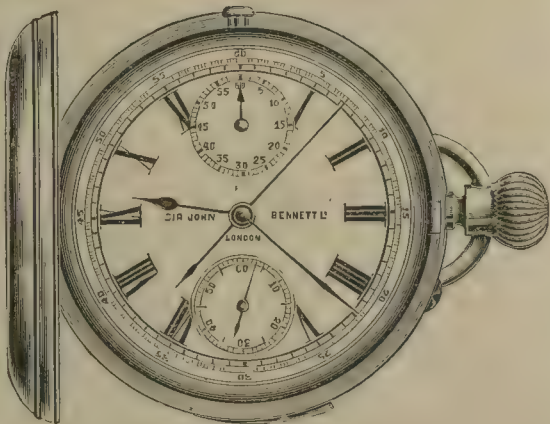
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AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

LADIES' PAGE.

One of the good traditions that Queen Victoria introduced into our social life is happily being abundantly continued by the present monarch and his family: I mean the affectionate relations that are maintained between the members of the chief household of the realm. The Prince of Wales has now a residence of his own near every one of his parents' homes. The small and cramped accommodation of the pretty little house that the Prince has hitherto occupied in the park at Sandringham is not enough either for his growing young family's needs or his Highness's new state and consequence as Heir-Apparent. But the new place in the same neighbourhood



CLOTH GOWN WITH CAPE EPAULETTES.

which has been purchased for the Prince and Princess of Wales shows that they will not leave the locality that is identified with the family home-life of the King and Queen. Then Frogmore has been assigned to the Prince and Princess that they may be near Windsor Castle; and their Scotch residence within easy reach of Balmoral is likewise provided for; so that, in fact, wherever their Majesties may be residing, their grown-up children and grandchildren can be near at hand. This is, of course, only as it should be: the gratification of so natural and proper an affection as that between parents and children may no seem to be a matter to call for comment at all; but the point is that this excellent example to the nation began only with our late good Queen. Every previous monarch of the House of Hanover was on openly bad terms with his heir. The influence of an affectionate family life in the highest place is an advantage—one amongst many—that we owe to our late Sovereign, and the loyal following of the traditions that she has set by her successor.

Yet another of the Rowton Houses has been opened—again for men. It is much to be deplored that no one finds the money and the organising faculty to establish such houses for poor women. They surely need it more, inasmuch as their rate of wages on the average is lower than that of men. Yet not only has nothing resembling the Rowton Houses been opened for them, but the Local Government Board has actually objected to the Industrial Dwellings Company providing single-room tenements for females! Apart from that, middle-class people might well study on their own behalf the lesson of the Rowton Houses in regard to the economy of association, by which much more comfort in life is obtained out of a limited income than is possible when every family is separate in all its arrangements, and when the heating, the catering, the cooking, and all the details of daily service are provided for individually, instead of collectively. The Rowton Houses show that by combining a carefully planned building, all heated from a central point, with the cooking arrangements for the whole of the inhabitants, baths, house-cleaning, and so forth—organised under a single head, and carried out steadily as arrangements are in other businesses, extraordinary cheapness can be obtained for the consumer, together with a profit for the management.

The Rowton Houses provide for only the poorest class of unmarried male labourers. The very few blocks of flats that have been established for a better class of residents on the same plan are, on the contrary, extremely dear. Living in them costs very much more than individual housekeeping. For a family, it is calculated, and the truth of the calculation is proved every day by practical experience, that a thoroughly good table can be kept for twelve shillings a week for each person to be provided for; this is for food alone, and, of course, very satisfactory and pleasing meals can be supplied for very much less than that: but for twelve shillings per week per head a really good table can be kept. In the blocks of flats where catering is done, however, the prices range from twenty-five shillings to four pounds a week for each person's board alone. The charge for house-cleaning and other domestic service is also high in all these places. Distributive kitchens to provide the daily meals have been from time to time talked about; the individual householder supplying all other required service. In a block of flats in one of the distant western suburbs, there is an experiment now being tried of such a central kitchen; but here again the prices are so much higher than those at which a managing and economical housekeeper can comfortably supply her family, that it is impossible for the plan to succeed on any considerable scale. Of course, the wages of the cook and the cost of the kitchen firing, which are abolished from the housekeeping books under this system, must be taken into account; but even allowing for that, the result is not financially satisfactory. It will be a fortunate day when someone applies to the living of the poorer middle classes the same extensive capital and power of organising that Lord Rowton has placed at the service of the labourer.

A correspondent inquires tragically whether she is really obliged to have basques on her autumn costumes, as she dislikes them excessively! Well, of course, the bolero and the bodice ending in the waistbelt will not be immediately extinct. Fashion's changes are never so abrupt as that; for a considerable time after a new style is introduced it is only apparently on an equality with the passing fashion. But this is certainly to be said: that if one wants a new gown for the autumn to look really new and to run no risk at all of being exposed to the insulting suspicion of being only a last season's frock, then one will have a basque, for their day has surely and unquestionably arrived. One of the signs and tokens thereof is the lengthening of the wraps, which are now genuinely and not only nominally being made three-quarter length. But besides that, every new model that peeps out already, coming in advance of its time, like an early snowdrop before the earth is clear of frost, shows us more or less basque. Perhaps, however, it is only a postillion tail at the exact back; this may be combined (as shown in one of our sketches) with a very little basque, only six inches deep or so, below the waist, round the rest of the figure. In many cases the new basques are made nearly, or quite, to reach the knee, giving the effect of a "double-deck" skirt. Curiously, these long basques are not unbecoming in many cases to stout figures. I know that this is the reverse of what is stated by most fashion authorities, but it is the result of my own observation. If the waist is well defined, and the skirt of the coat is tolerably full, any undue size of the figure seems to be minimised to the eye. With these new long basques the waistbelt is generally retained, the basques not coming quite round to the front of the figure; then the bodice is pouched in the middle, above the belt, in the style with which we are familiar. A basque of some kind is indispensable to a look of perfect newness, but it is not indispensable to a reasonably fashionable appearance, as yet.

Our Illustrations indicate very clearly the basque effect of the new fashions. Specially interesting is the dress made with a rather long postillion tail at the back, and a shorter basque to the front, leaving the centre of the figure without any coat-tail. This dress is made in light cloth, and has revers of Japanese embroidery, with lace for vest and under-cuffs; fancy cord ornaments give a finishing touch. The hat is of straw, trimmed with flowers. The other dress is made with cape shoulder-pieces, stitched and strapped. The basque effect is here given by trimming the top of the skirt; cord ornaments and velvet bands with lace serve as decoration. The hat is in velvet with chiffon and wings.

Hats promise to be very pretty this autumn. The new designs appear earlier in the millinery department than in any other as the seasons change. Hats and furs are shown early, too, in the best London shops, because this is the season of the American invasion, and it is hoped that *la belle Américaine* will be tempted to take home a good supply of new fashions in these garments, notwithstanding the duty that will be imposed upon her belongings when she reaches New York. Chapeaux are among those articles (also gloves, stockings, fashions of the neck, and some other indispensable accessories of the toilette), which are, after all, so little different in price to get the best that it is quite worth while, even for the usually economical purchaser, to lay aside that virtue in regard to these purchases. A cheap hat and a handsome one are really not very distant from each other in cost; while in effect there is frequently a boundless distance.

The introduction of ostrich-feathers at once makes a hat more expensive. Moreover, wintry weather and curling plumes are not harmonious factors. Still, one can pick and choose the days for bringing on duty the different members of one's staff of head adornments; and some of the most charming autumn hats are to be trimmed with long plumes. The new method of putting these in is that most becoming style of having the end of the feather hanging over the side of the hat, and resting on the hair just above and behind the ear. The new shapes in the hats are chiefly flat as regards the crown, which is only raised a trifle above the brim, this latter being moderately wide; then

the trimming is very low. Perhaps a description of a model will convey the impression most completely. It is a low flat shape, in a soft, hairy, cream-coloured felt, and is trimmed with small loops of mushroom-coloured velvet rising a little in the front, held down at the left side with a large bright steel buckle, whence a twist of the velvet goes round the crown, and meets at the right-hand side a full mushroom-coloured ostrich-feather; this is just long enough to reach the ear, and curl prettily over the side of the back hair, after being fixed into the crown of the hat by a small steel buckle to match the one at the front. Under the brim at the left side a little cluster of velvet loops fills in the space. It is simplicity itself, but picturesque and becoming in the highest degree.

When the hats turn downwards at the back it is a sure and certain sign that the fashionable coiffure is to descend. In these newest of shapes there is no room for a high coil on the top of the head, while at the back the bending down of the shape will lie most becomingly against a catogan or coils of hair laid closely against the head. Among the new colours in millinery, the bright geranium red is most noticeable. It is to be observed that when the hats are trimmed chiefly towards the back, brighter tints are in keeping than is the case when the trimming is massed immediately above the face. Black and white, however, are so generally becoming and useful that millinery often takes this form. An all-black hat, worn with a costume in colours, is one of the smartest styles that can be adopted. People with good complexions, when wearing an all-black hat, should take care to have a white tie or jabot immediately under the chin. The same precaution is desirable with a dress of a strong colour.

Black cloths that have a shiny surface are more becoming than the very dull materials. Black can readily be relieved, too, with any colour. A Venetian-cloth coat bodice was made up with a narrow vest of lilac silk, covered with lace, scattered with silver sequins; the revers and under-cuffs were to match. The panne cloths are so soft in their draping and silky in their surface as to give a good variety of lights and shades, and prevent

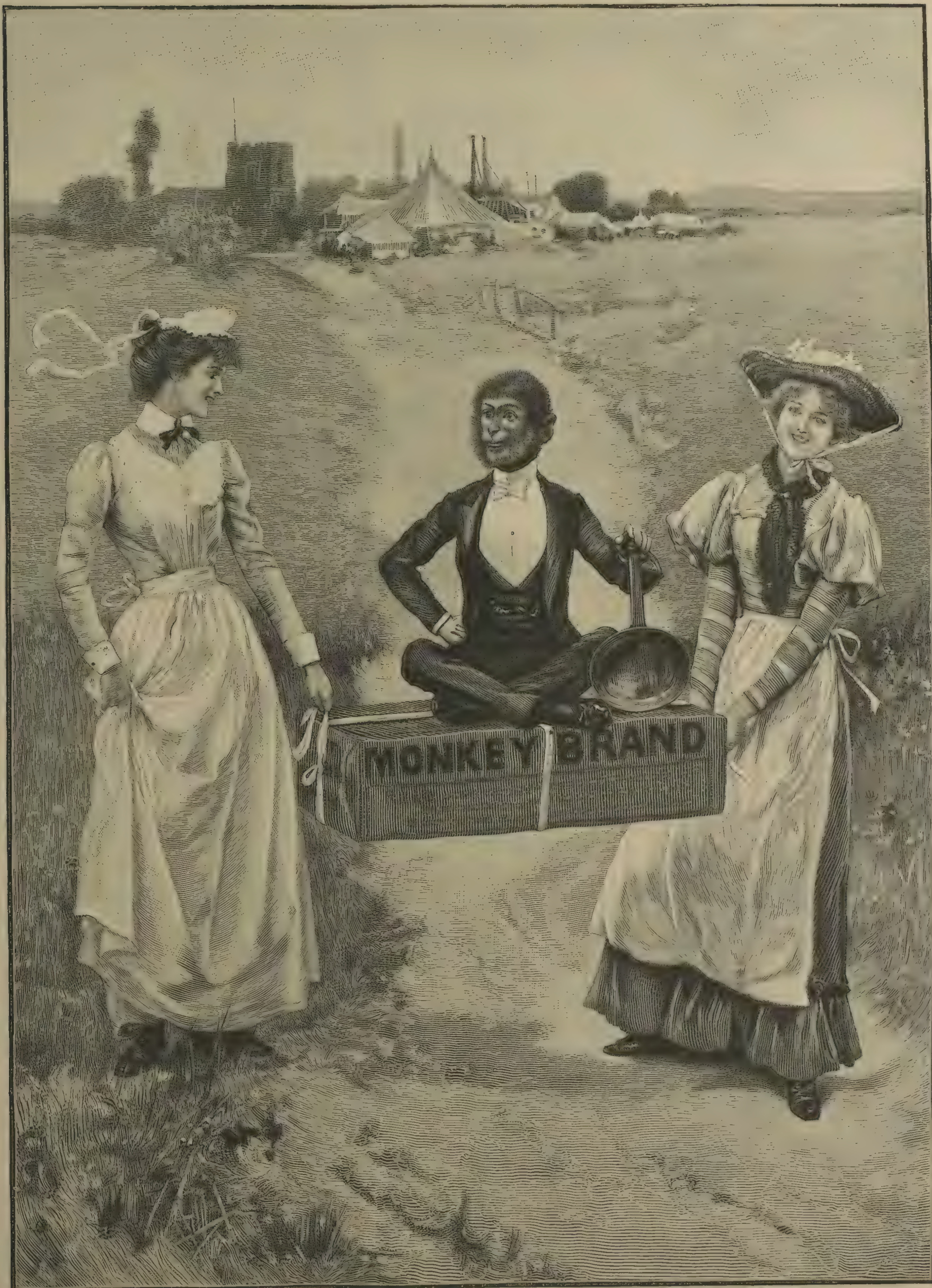


CLOTH DRESS WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.

the heaviness that is the bane of a black gown. Brocaded materials, especially the large range of silk and wool fabrics, are also becoming for black.

So long as ruffles and capelets can be worn, it is easy to get abundance of white to relieve any dark-coloured dress; and the shops apparently think we shall be indulged with a mild and summer-like autumn, in which a full chiffon tippet will be quite sufficient addition to the dress, as these dainty little articles are still being offered in large variety. The newest thing out, however, is to replace the feather boa. It is a broad stole-like shoulder-covering of white or mixed black and white ostrich feather tips, wide enough to turn the point of the shoulder, and long enough to reach nearly to the knee. These are outrageously expensive, but very becoming and quite new.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The chapel of the Foundling Hospital has been one of the favourite resorts of visitors to London during August. While from most of our churches the best-known preachers were absent, and the choirs were sadly diminished, the Rev. A. R. Buckland occupied the Foundling Hospital pulpit, and the music maintained a high standard. The congregations, as usual, included numbers of children, who showed a lively interest in the white-capped little girls in the gallery beside the organ, and would not on any account have missed seeing the foundlings begin their Sunday dinner.

An interesting correspondence is going on in the *Church Times* with regard to clerical holiday dress. One writer denounces the clergymen who allow themselves any freedom in the matter of summer attire. The majority, however, are more merciful. Visitors to Switzerland are constantly accustomed to meet high dignitaries of the Church of England wandering amongst the mountains in unconventional garb. The black coat and high collar would be strangely out of place on the glacier or the snow-slope. In the latest portrait taken of the Bishop of London his Lordship is seen in a knickerbocker suit of rough tweed.

The Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, which was founded by Bishop Gore, proposes shortly to establish a Training School for Clergymen. It is expected that £1000 will be required to put up a building for the students. The Community hopes to make a start at the beginning of the New Year.

Bishop Barry is in residence at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as the Dean is to be absent in Switzerland until the end of September. The Bishop of Manchester is also expected to be away from Lancashire until nearly the end of the month, and the Dean of Winchester has

Dr. N. D. Hillis, the eloquent minister of Plymouth Church, so long associated with the name of Henry Ward Beecher, has returned to America after a holiday spent in England, Germany, and Italy. While in London he conducted a small religious conference at the Hotel Cecil, entertaining a group of well-known English and American ministers at supper. Among those present was Dr. Gun-saulus, of Chicago, who made a very favourable impression during his August engagement at the City Temple.

Canon Valpy, who has recently returned from South Africa, will be in charge of the parish of Holy Trinity, Ryde, for six months, beginning with the New Year. The Vicar, the Rev. W. M. Cameron, has gone to South Africa to train native ministers as clergy of the Anglican Church. He is acting by invitation of the Bishops of the province.

Dr. Parker has greatly benefited by his stay at Chesham Bois, and fully expects to return to London at the end of this month; he has even chosen the text for his first Thursday sermon. There has been a succession of able preachers at the City Temple during his absence. Perhaps the best sermons of all were those of the noted Wesleyan minister, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who delighted

the members of the Northfield Conference by his lectures on the Minor Prophets, is expected at the City Temple during the next three weeks.

Bishop Thicknesse, of Leicester, who will preside over the Northampton Church Congress, was Vicar of Deane, Lancashire, and Honorary Canon of Manchester before he migrated to Peterborough. The Bishop's wife is a daughter of the late Dean Argles, of Peterborough.—V.



Photo, D'Arcy.

THE ALL IRELAND POLO CLUB TOURNAMENT: THE SLIGO TEAM, WINNERS OF THE COUNTY CUP.

chosen September for his holiday. The unsettled weather of July and August kept many clerical travellers at home.

Amongst distinguished visitors to Tintagel during August were the Bishop of Exeter and Mrs. Ryle, and Sir Henry Irving. The Rev. T. G. Selby, the well-known Methodist author, was also staying in this delightful part of Cornwall.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

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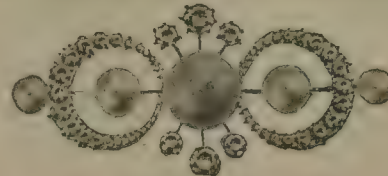
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ART NOTES.

The city of Bruges needs nothing temporary or exciting to make it attractive, so charged is it with mediæval history—the history of the very heart of twelfth-century Europe—and so rich in the enshrined art of its painters and in the towering work of its architects. But the tourist season there this year has an unwonted climax in the exhibition of the pictures of the Flemish Primitives. To enjoy Bruges, it would be as well to choose another autumn, for the crowd is great and the accommodation for travellers limited; but the study of the Primitives is well worth a little discomfort, and for students of the Flemish school of painting the opportunity is unique. All Europe has contributed to the gathering, England bearing her part with the examples in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Northbrook, Mr. Salting, and others. Bruges displaces her own treasures for the time, and the gallery contains a collection of unrivalled historical value.

The Van Eycks, Memling, Quentin Matsys, Mabuse, these are names known to all readers. But there are also the great painters who have remained anonymous during these many centuries. Some of them are separate, and, as it were, scattered—one work, that is, has not been securely connected with another. But some, on the other hand, are masters to whose individuality a whole series of beautiful works bears corporate testimony. The name is of little moment compared with this preservation of identity. To lose the latter, or, rather, to have it forgotten by the world, is indeed the fate of many a church painter of the Middle Ages, as it is of many a journalist to-day; but whenever



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the work done is good, there is a certain sadness in that form of oblivion. Not so when a Flemish Primitive is remembered as "the Master of the Life of Mary" or "the Master of the Death of Mary."

We come from these early works of Flanders with a true, if not a very new, impression of the extraordinary

rush of development that took place not only in Flanders proper but in the kindred Netherlands and within the somewhat vague limits of Gallia Belgica. The extremes are strange indeed; for much narrower is the range in Italy, from Matteo da Siena to Tiepolo, than from the precursor of the Van Eycks to Rubens. Close to the collection of Primitives of Bruges are the galleries of Brussels, where Rubens riots; not far off is the austere splendour of Rembrandt, the highest point of technical mastery informed by intellect and spirit. Another strong impression we must carry away with us is that of wonder to find a race so great in painting and in building very inactive in the more purely intellectual arts of literature and music—this being, nevertheless, not a race of mere intelligence, like the Latin, not a race of outward and dramatic art, but a people of rather introspective and meditative genius. The Fleming, the Walloon, and the Dutchman would, one might conjecture, have left painting to the Latin races and joined the great Teutonic movement of music and letters; but this is precisely what they have not done.

The Great Northern Railway Company are, as usual, making very extensive and complete arrangements in connection with this year's Doncaster Races. The ordinary service of eighteen

express trains from London (King's Cross) will be fully maintained, and a number of special expresses run.

Before his departure, the Shah chose several English watches from the stock of Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, and 25, Old Bond Street, a selection of the firm's own timepieces being specially submitted to his Imperial Majesty at Marlborough House.



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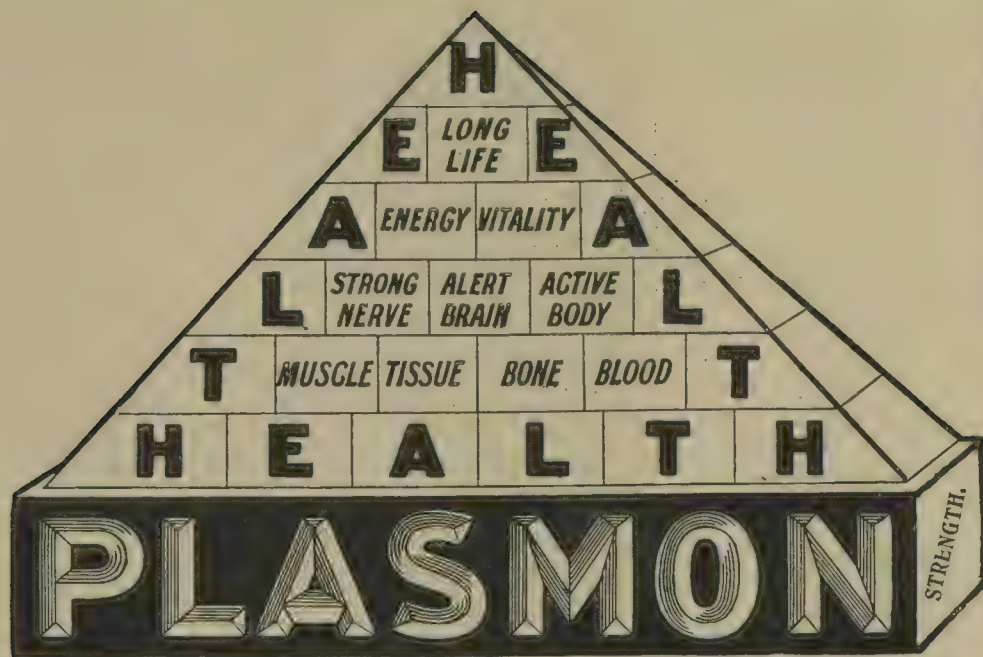
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 6, 1900), with a codicil (dated April 24, 1901), of Mr. Edmund Hannay Watts, of 59, Cromwell Road, S.W.; 45, Warrior Square, St. Leonards; and 7, Whittington Avenue, E.C., who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 22 by Mrs. Martha Watts, the widow, and Fenwick Shadforth Watts, Edgar Watts, and Hugh Watts, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £428,854. The testator bequeaths thirty shares in his firm of Watts, Watts, and Co. each to his five sons Fenwick Shadforth, Edgar, Hugh, Frank, and Augustus Norris; and he devises the premises called Dixon House, Fenchurch Street, upon trust, to pay four sixths of the income thereof to his wife, and one sixth each to his daughters, Mrs. Fanny Shadforth Williams and Mrs. Emily Pring Munro, for life, and then for their respective children. He further bequeaths £1000 and the use of his town residence, with the effects therein, to his wife; an annuity of £200 to Maria Elizabeth Caroline Watts, if unmarried at the time of his decease; £1000, in trust, for Dorothy Louisa V. Slesser; £500 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Isabella Davidson; and £2000, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Sarah Adshead Gibson and Alice Cowie. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares.

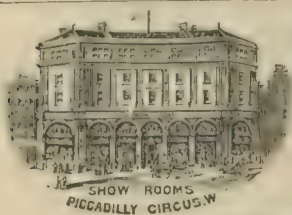
The will (dated June 23, 1898), with two codicils (both dated March 25, 1899), of Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart., of

6, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, who died on June 5, was proved on Aug. 23 by Sir Daniel Cooper and William Charles Cooper, the sons, and Frederick Green and Leonard James Maton, the executors, the value of the estate being £150,531. The testator bequeaths £40,000 and his presentation plate, in trust, to follow the baronetcy; £10,000 each to the trustees of the marriage settlements of his daughters Mrs. Edith Elizabeth Macnamara and Mrs. Florence Eva Trevanion; £3000, and his horses, carriages, and wines to his wife; £2500 for charitable, benevolent, or public institutions in New South Wales; £500 per annum each to his daughters Mary Elizabeth Burrell and Ellen Sophia Cooper during the life of their mother; and £200 per annum to Mrs. Edward Hill. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her death he gives £30,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Edith Elizabeth Macnamara and Mrs. Florence Eva Trevanion; £40,000 to his daughter Ellen Sophia Cooper; £30,000, upon trust, for his daughter Alice Jane Green; £40,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Elizabeth Burrell; and the ultimate residue to his two sons.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1899), with three codicils (dated Sept. 26, 1899; March 17, and May 20, 1902), of Mrs. Georgina Burrell, of 1, Melbury Road, Kensington, who died on June 21, was proved on Aug. 6 by Arthur Mewburn Walker, Clement Upperton, Mrs. Constance Fisher, and George Ogle Jacob, the executors, the value

of the estate being £108,049. She bequeaths £5000 to her daughter, Mrs. Blanche Maria Georgina Watney, and as she will come into £15,000 by the death of her mother, and is otherwise provided for, the testatrix makes no further provision for her; £3400, an annuity of 500 guineas, and her household furniture, etc., horses and carriages, to Mrs. Constance Fisher; to her daughter, Mrs. Harriot Georgina Turninger, 300 guineas; 200 guineas and £100 per annum, during the life of his mother, to her grandson, Ulrich Bernard Turninger; £1000 to her grandson, Lionel Turninger; 200 guineas and £200 per annum, during the life of her mother, to her granddaughter, Helen Blanche Hewitt; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Turninger, for life, and then as to £10,000 as she shall appoint, and, subject thereto, for her grandchildren, Ulrich Bernard Turninger, Lionel Turninger, and Helen Blanche Hewitt, and her great-grandson Charles Leonard Elliot Geach.

The will (dated April 13, 1899), with a codicil (dated Nov. 28, 1901), of Mr. Charles Macintosh Rodger, of 1, College Lawn, Cheltenham, has been proved by John Forrest and James Batten Winterbotham, the executors, the value of the estate being £98,534. The testator bequeaths £1000 to John Forrest; £500 to James Batten Winterbotham; £100 each to Frank Fenner, Dr. Robert Kirkland, Frederick William Taylor, Thomas Hughes Sparrow, and Charles Travess, huntsman of the Cotswold



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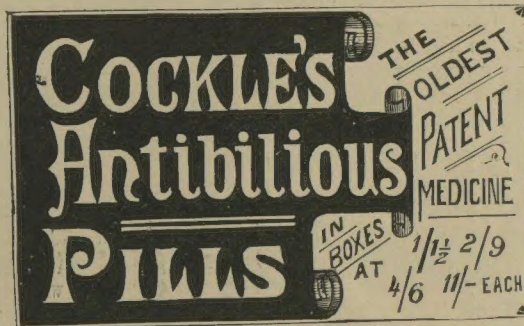
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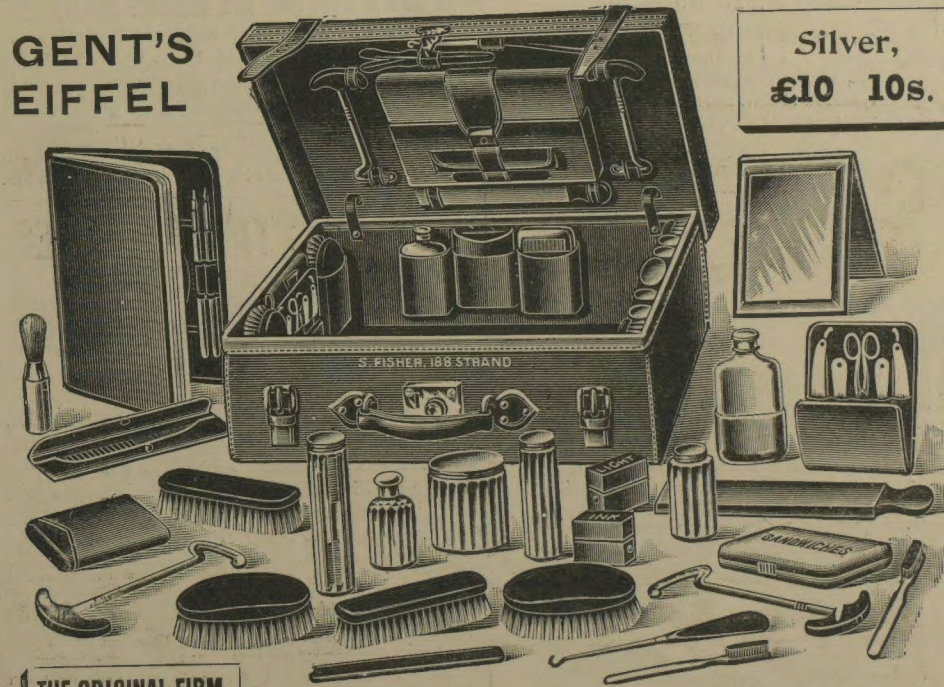
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The will (dated June 7, 1899) of Sir Thomas Fowler, Bart., of Gastard House, Corsham, Wilts, who died on April 20 in the Orange River Colony, was proved on Aug. 22 by Alfred Edward Pease, M.P., the brother-in-law, Percival Fox Tuckett, and Alfred Francis Fox, the executors, the value of the estate being £65,982. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his sister Jean Elizabeth

for such purposes as he may by memorandum direct; 140 shares in the banking firm of Prescott, Dimsdale, and Co., each to his sisters Charlotte Rachel Barbour, Helen Anne Pease, Mary Fowler, Jean Elizabeth Fowler, Octavia Louisa Fowler, Bertha Sophia Fowler, and Rachel Elfreda Fowler; 100 shares to Alfred Edward Pease; fifty shares to Edward Pease; £1000 between his executors; and £100 each to Charles Ind and Harry Hayward. The residue of his property he leaves to his sisters and the children of any deceased sister.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1893) of Mr. George Canning Edwards, C.C., of 27, Mincing Lane, and The Elms, Romford Road, who died on June 9, was proved on

Aug. 23 by Arthur Edwards, the brother, Leicester Mount Hilleary, and Stanley Leonard Wilton, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £46,282. The testator bequeaths £100 to the West Ham Hospital; certain books and his Corporation medals to the West Ham Public Libraries; £2616, upon trust, for Ella Hilleary Hilleary; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth to his brother, one fifth each, in trust, for his sisters Elizabeth Kate Cozens Wilton, Anna Maria Edwards, and Victoria Augusta Edwards, and the remaining one fifth to his nephews and nieces, Annie, Helena, George, and Arthur Jeanneret.

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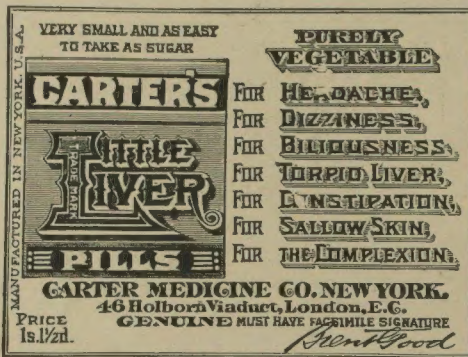
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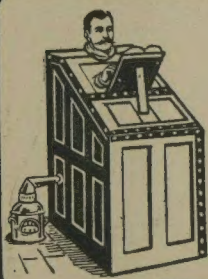
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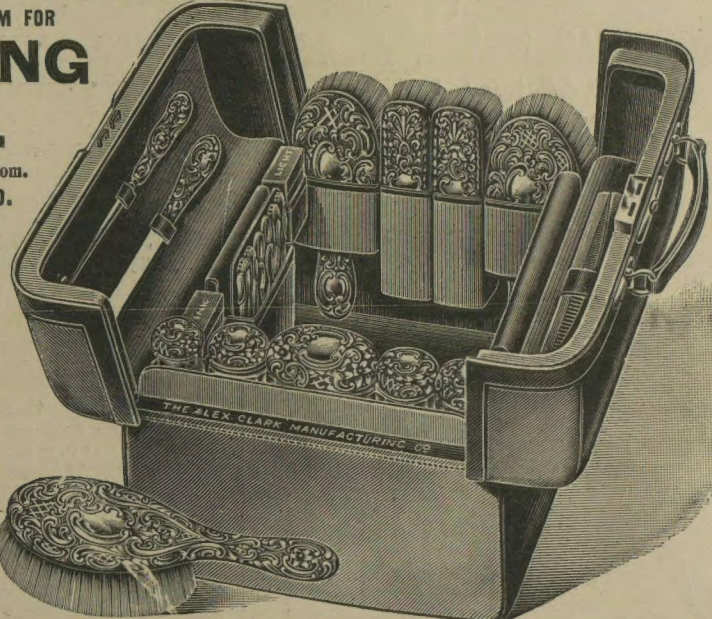
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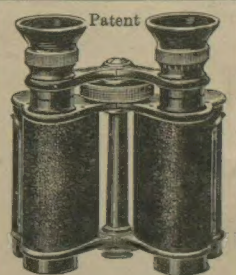
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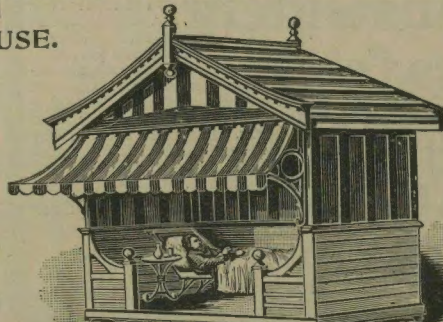
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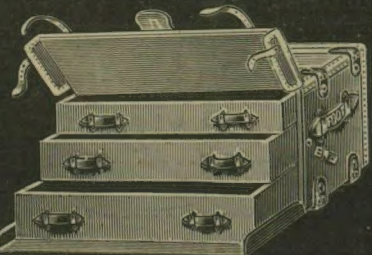
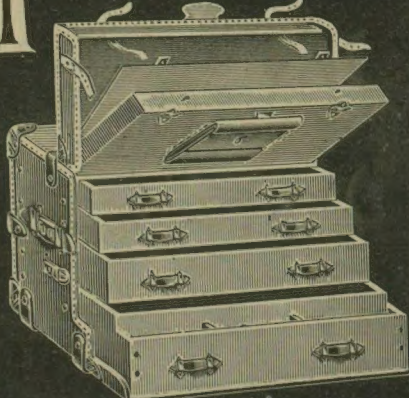
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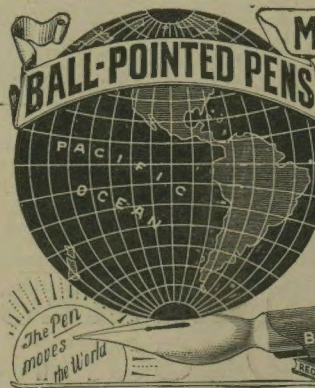


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